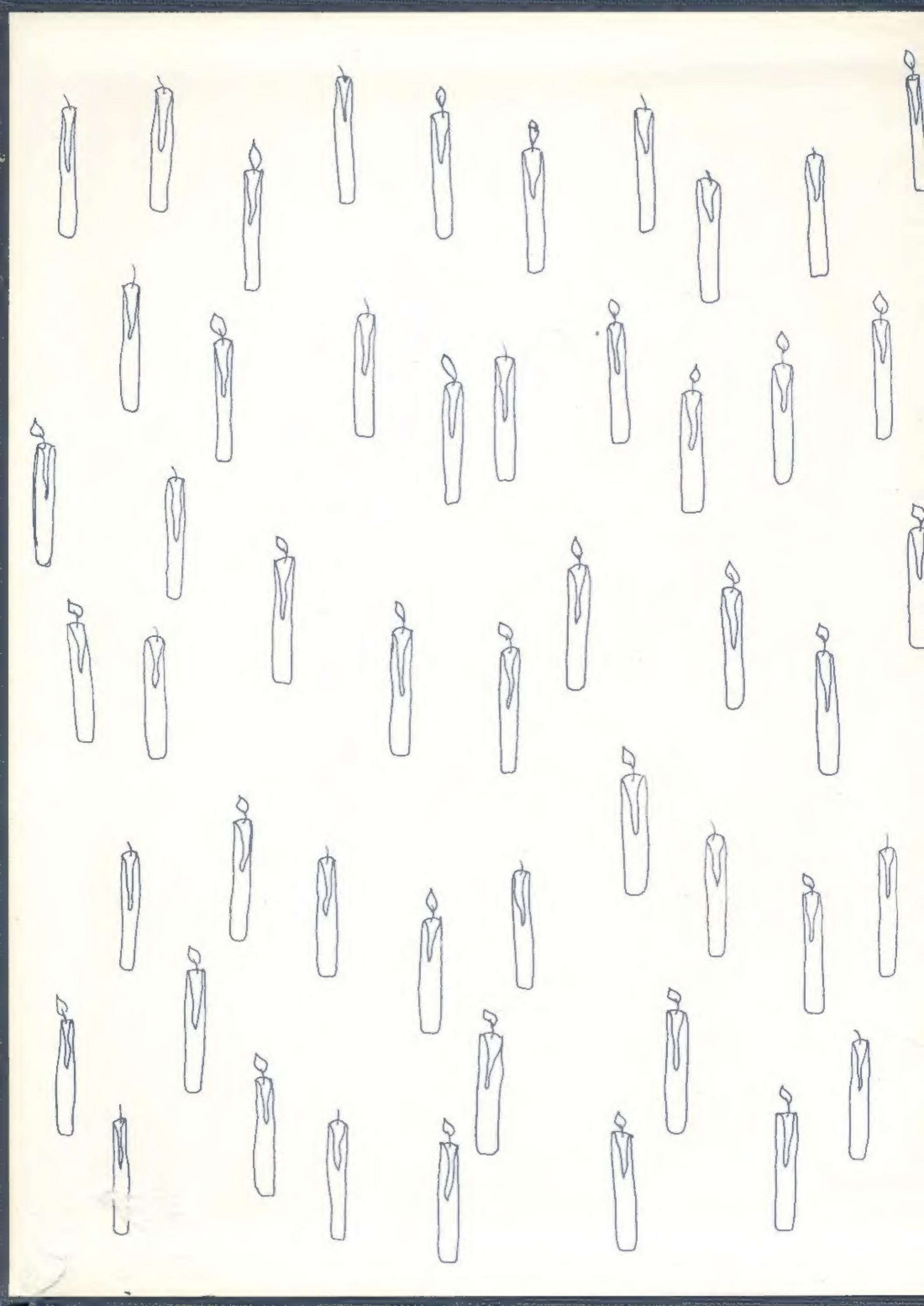
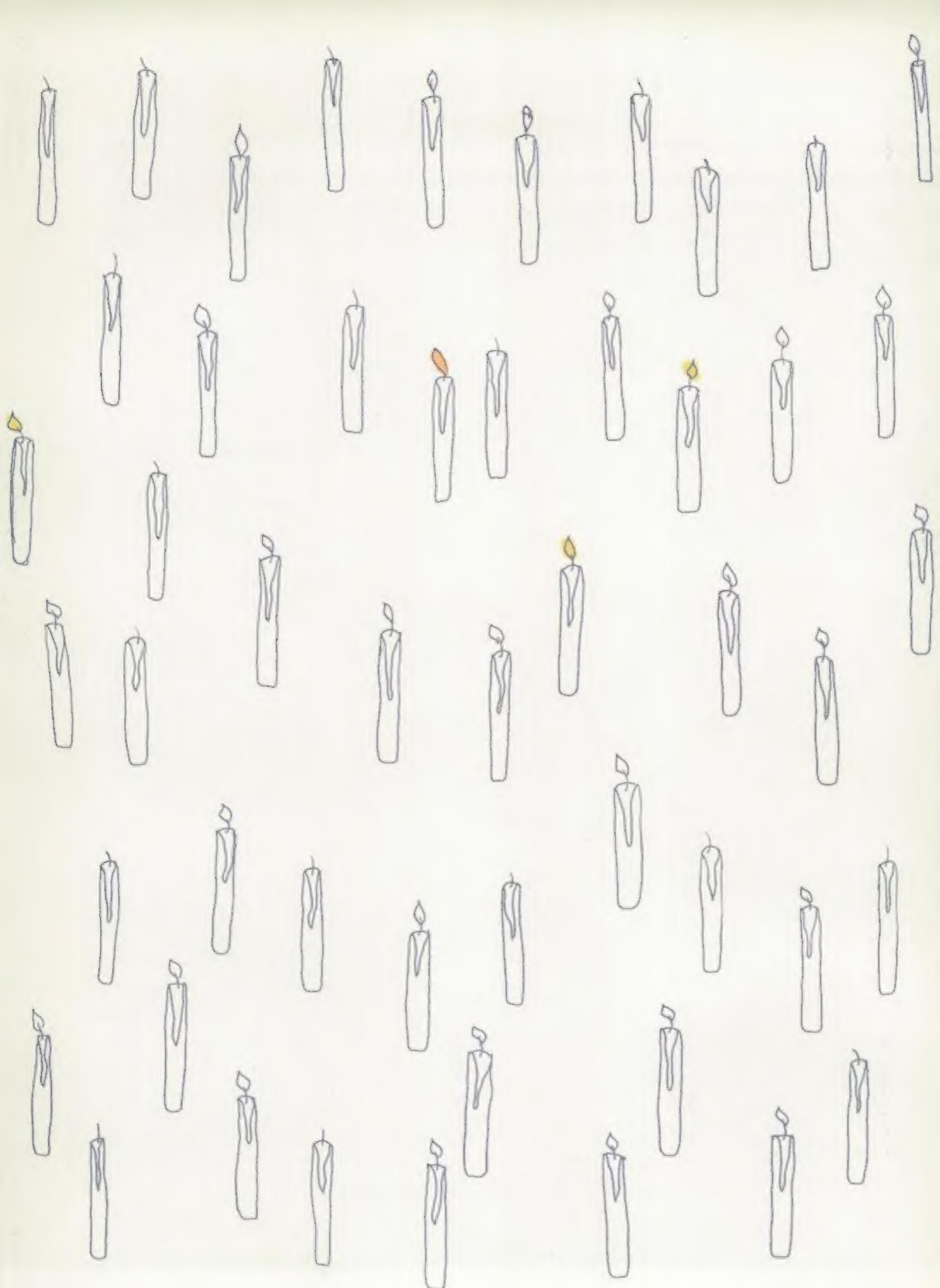


Tales To Take With You



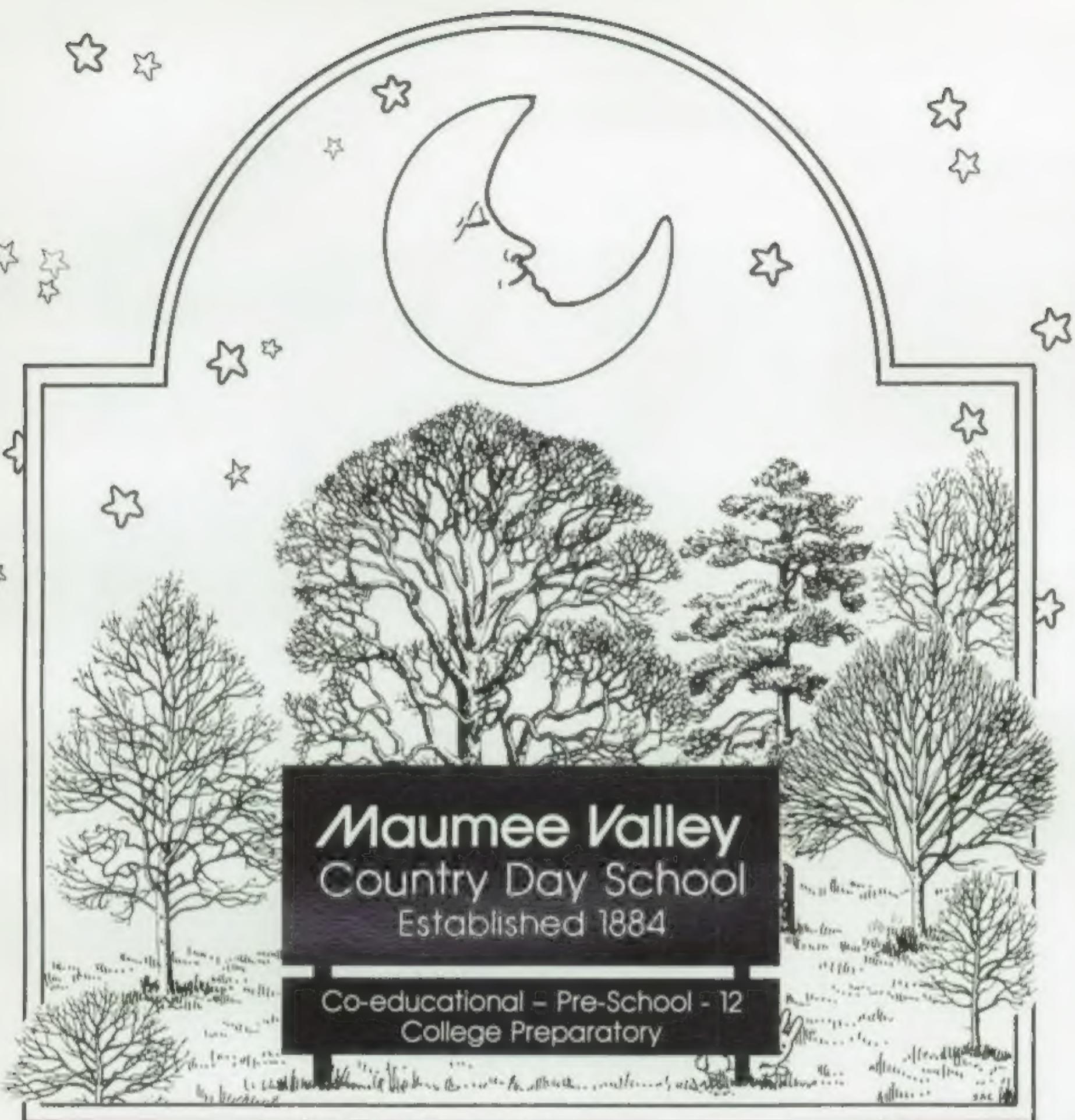




Happy Birthday!



MAUMEE VALLEY COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL
1715 South Reynolds Road, Toledo, Ohio © 1984, London,
Cambridge, Peking, Seoul, Sydney, Bangkok, Magnolia
Library of Congress Catalog Card
Number : 84 — 18841984



Tales To Take With You



The Misses Smead's School for Girls, Teachers.

1887-1888.

English.

MARIAN SMEAD.
MARY E. SMEAD.
CAROLINE L. SMEAD.
EMMA C. TRYON.

Mathematics.

MAY B. SAMUELS.
EMMA C. TRYON.

Latin.

MAY B. SAMUELS.

MARY E. SMEAD.

CAROLINE L. SMEAD.

French and German.

PROFESSOR CLAUDE PETIT.
PROFESSOR MARTIN FRIEDBERG.

Music.

PROFESSOR S. D. CUSHING.

Drawing and Painting.

ALICE R. ROSS.

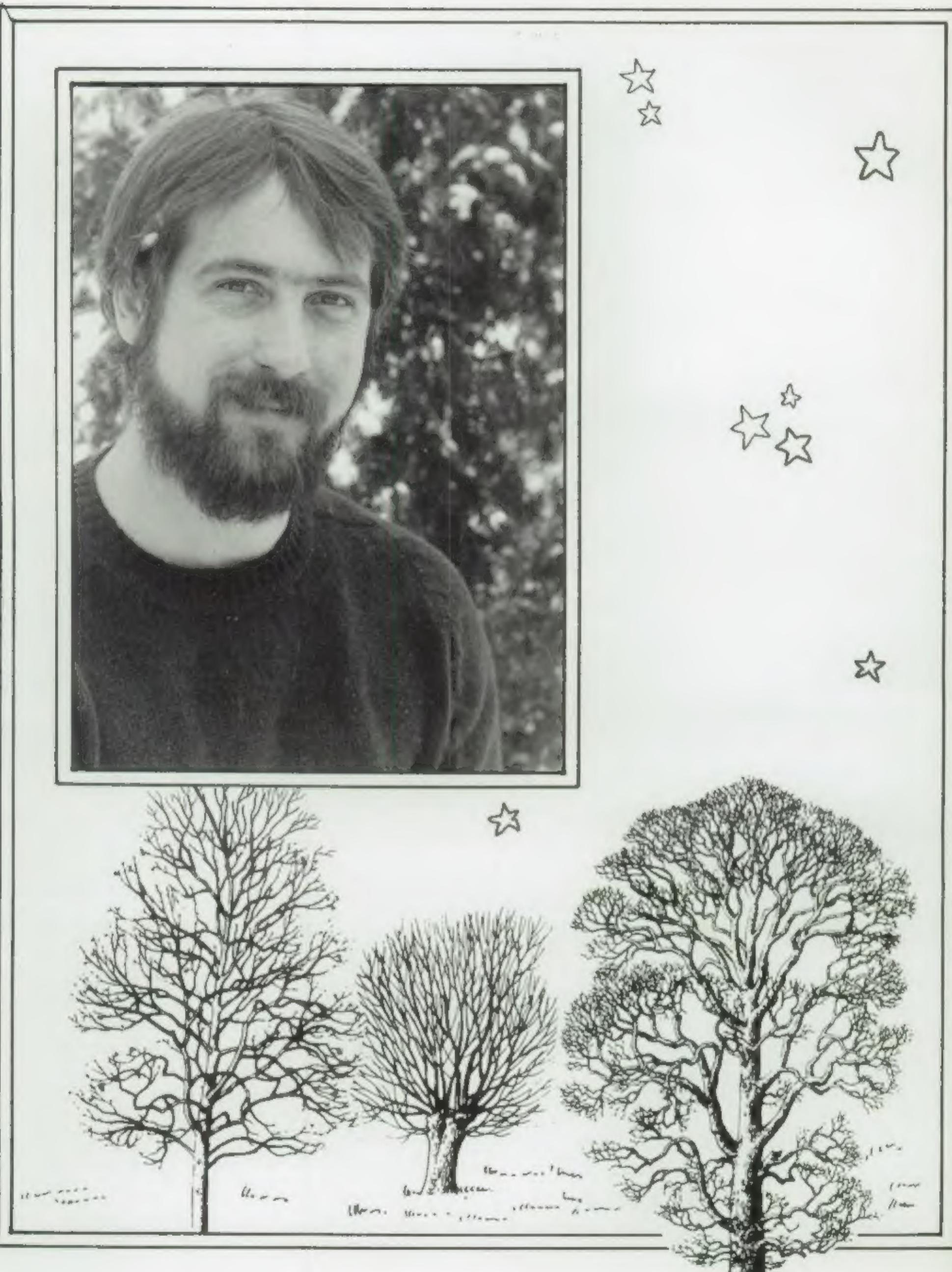
Calisthenics.

Mrs. M. R. SAGE.



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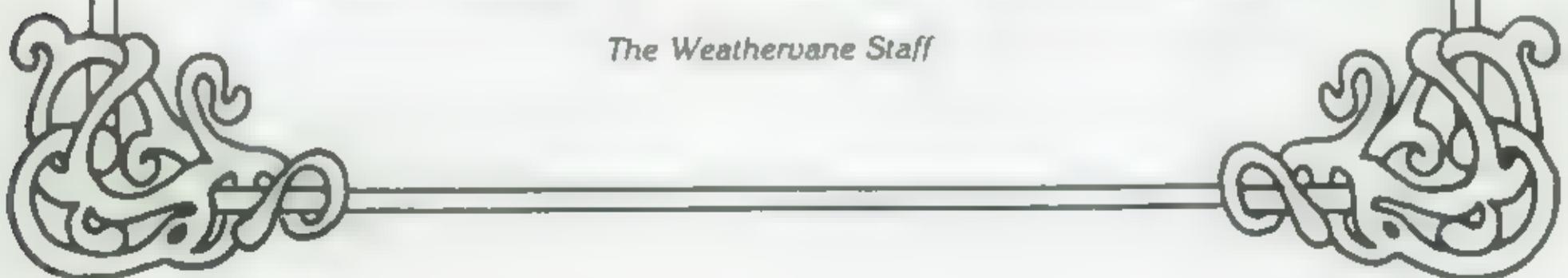


Dedication **...A Tale of Woe, Triumph and Devotion**

When yearbook dedication is discussed, dedication is the deciding factor. The events of the past school year have aptly proved Larry Anning's dedication both to the school and to us. But, as though to confirm what we had already planned, Larry's performance during the great Christmas Week Freeze solidly reinforced our decision to honor him. He has been a friend to us all; a gentle nuturer of students, furnace, teachers, plumbing, staff...and of the trees he loves.

Our respect, friendship and love are heartily extended to Larry Anning.

The Weathervane Staff



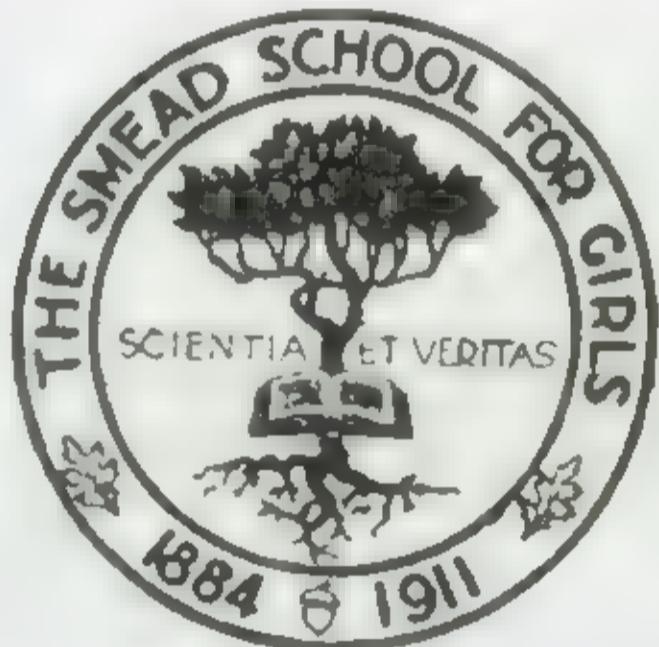


nce upon a time, there was a wonderful school for princesses in a far off kingdom called Batavia, New York. Some of the most beautiful, intelligent princesses came from another kingdom...one made primarily of glass. This kingdom was called Toledo and the fathers of the Toledo princesses thought it would be a good idea if the wonderful school could be moved to their kingdom so that they could spend more time admiring their beautiful daughters and their beautiful daughters could spend more time at home and less on the train. So it came to pass that, one hundred years

ago (in 1884), the wonderful school moved to Toledo.

The Smead sisters, who headed the school, moved along with the students and all of the faculty. In September, the school opened its doors to 35 day students and eight boarders. In addition to Misses Marian, Mary and Caroline Smead, there were five other faculty members and together they taught English literature, history, grammar, American history (which, of course was a bit easier then, as there wasn't nearly so much of it), geography, science, mathematics, drawing, piano, French, German, and Latin.

The school flourished on Hough Place (North Summit Street) for another three years; then, as the Smead School, moved to Fitch Estate, where it remained for 46 years.



One of the more difficult early years for the school came in 1889, when Miss Marion Smead died of pneumonia. Also in that year, a large number of the beautiful princesses fell victim to scarlet fever. Despite the hardships, the school continued to grow strong, and in 1907 boasted an enrollment of 93.

That year, 100 former students formed the Smead School Association at a reunion in the Smead home. Mary Smead was elected the first president of this august body, and she asked that the annual meeting be held on May 15, the anniversary of her late sister Marian's birth. Her wish has been honored to, these many years; the annual alumni meeting is still held on or near that date.



Meanwhile, the beautiful princesses studied hard. In addition to the curriculum, the princesses frequently took a bit of fresh air during orderly walks around the neighborhood. There were no athletics at the school then, nor were there any extracurricular activities; the idea being, one would suppose, that princesses should concentrate primarily on becoming queens and not bother much about becoming anything else.

But, in 1909, this idea began to change and the Smead School was accredited by the North Central Association of College and Secondary Schools. Also in that year, the school property was purchased by one Noah Swayne, who promptly offered to give it to the school, providing \$20,000 could be raised for endowment.



The Highly Regarded Smead Sisters retired in 1911, and the helm was taken over by Misses Rose and Elsie Grace Anderson, former Smead School teachers. A board of trustees was elected that year, with Emery D. Potter as its president. The school became a non-profit corporation, and the princesses benefited greatly from their superior education.

They were beginning to broaden their horizons quite nicely in other ways, too. Out of doors plays were presented, with beautiful princesses acting out such classics as *Wooing and Witches* (1918 and 1923), *Mid-Summer Nights' Dream*, and *Love's Labor Lost*. The outdoor graduations became more befitting the princesses, with the maidens decorously attired in delicately flowing white frocks.

Donned in dark blue or white middy blouses, and one piece jumpers, the princesses were, by 1924, encouraged to participate in athletics. The idea that even the elegant forms of princesses could be improved upon with a bit of exercise was



furthered through the establishment of the Athletic Association.

"Resident Pupils" were still accepted during the Anderson administration, with each day's activities well supervised. Properly chaperoned princesses could leave school only infrequently and for their regular vacations, with home visits limited to one or two per term. Evening outings were discouraged, except for the occasional concert or lecture. "Boxes of candy and food" were forbidden booty and shopping excursions were frowned upon, the thought being that the well-bred princess came to the school fully prepared for the entire term. Laundry was limited to fifteen pieces per week per princess.

Lunch was served to non-resident princesses for \$3 or \$4 a week, but most princesses walked home for lunch...or were called for and returned by the family chauffeur.

In 1928, the Andersons retired, and the countryside was scoured for a suitable replacement. Miss Leslie Leland, from the distant kingdom of Buffalo, New York, was selected. A firm believer in the benefits of fresh air for the development of young minds, Miss Leland also encouraged her charges to take the college entrance examination, providing, of course, that they maintained a course average of 90% or better.



That the school...and the princesses...might be even further improved upon, Miss Leland proposed that the school move to the country for more fresh air and sunshine. She also suggested that princes be admitted as well. Nothing stirs up princesses and princes so well as a coeducational school. Despite the economic depression of the times, the board of trustees was successful in raising the necessary capital to purchase a "rolling, wooded area on Reynolds Road, where many a Toledo family had picnicked and dreamed of building a future home on a back knoll near the dogwood grove." Construction was begun on the new school, which would offer the "advantages of boarding school without breaking family ties."



On September 17, 1934, the school opened its doors with a new name, Maumee Valley Country Day School, and some princes, who were admitted only to lower grades. James-Franklin School, a prep school for princes, was absorbed by MVCDS, thereby providing some of the new students.

Buses carried many of the students to and from home, although, even in the late '30's, there were still some family chauffeurs performing that task.

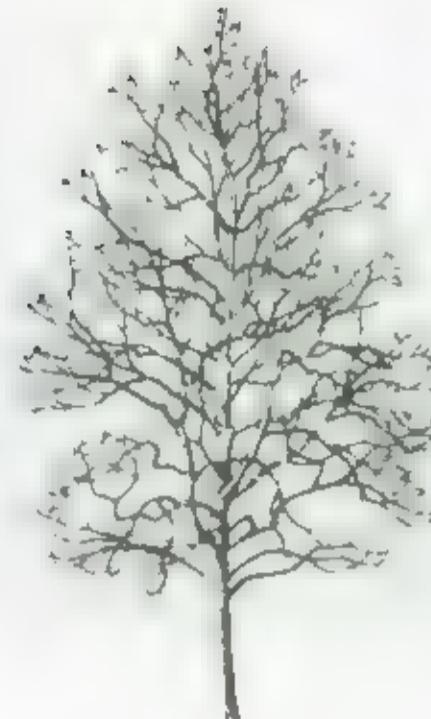
Willis Stork, who was headmaster from 1938 until 1955 (with a brief respite during his tour of active duty in the '40's, when Rev. Malcom Ward did the honors), and James Henderson, 1955-60, did much to make the school more visible in the kingdom, and enrollment tripled. Of course, the new electric scoreboard for athletic events (installed in 1950) might have been a deciding factor, too, but mostly it is believed that superior educational standards encouraged people to send their offspring to Maumee Valley Country Day School.

The handsome scoreboard recorded the stellar athletic achievements of the "Mohawks" who were propelled to victory by those winsome cheerleaders, the "Minihawks".



In 1955, an additional 28 acres was donated to the school, and with an even larger part of the kingdom within its moat, a high school building was proposed. Dedicated on December 20, 1959, the handsome structure boasted new classrooms, science rooms, faculty offices, a library, dining hall, and gym, while outside, athletic fields dotted the landscape.

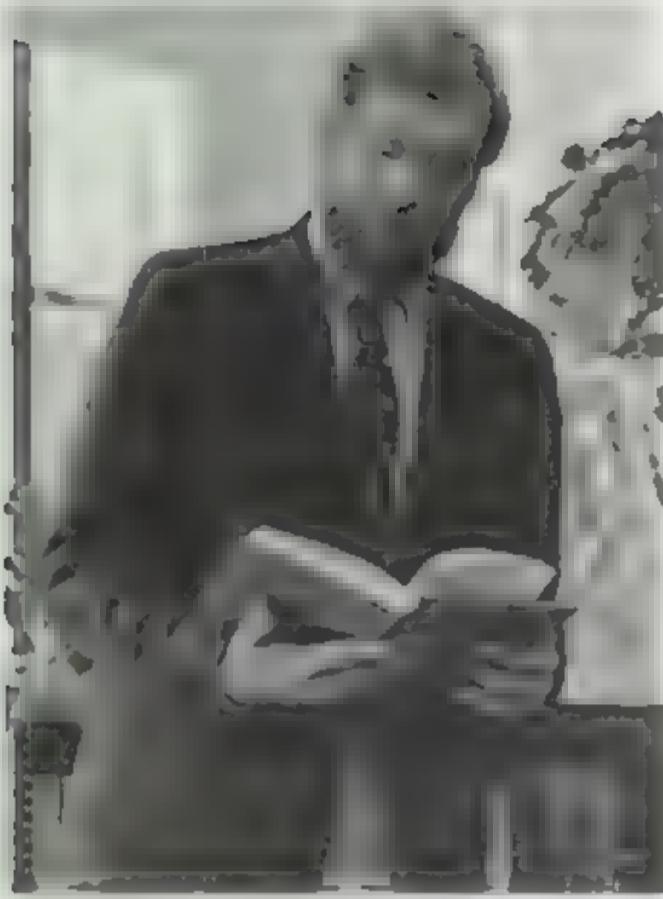
All through the '40's and '50's, fabulous events had taken place for the princes and princesses of the school, which had given it a rich and colorful history. Dramatic events abounded, clubs and service organizations flourished and the school had become a source of pride in the kingdom. These sterling aspects of education at Maumee



Valley Country Day School continued to prosper in the new high school. So, when the construction of a new lower school was proposed, all of the subjects in the kingdom rejoiced. The lower school opened its doors in 1971, and through them walked five members of the class of 1984, about whom you may read in a later tale.

As you can see, this school is an exceptional school, which gives everyone connected with it a great sense of the importance of the past as well as an eagle eye to the boundless opportunities of the future. To see how the current crop of princes and princesses, ladies-in-waiting and knights are responding to the challenges of a century of tradition and the commencement of the next hundred years, settle back and enjoy the remaining *Tales to Take With You*.





Peter Stevens, Headmaster



David Rasten, Jane Wilts



Jeff Fante



George Blackstone

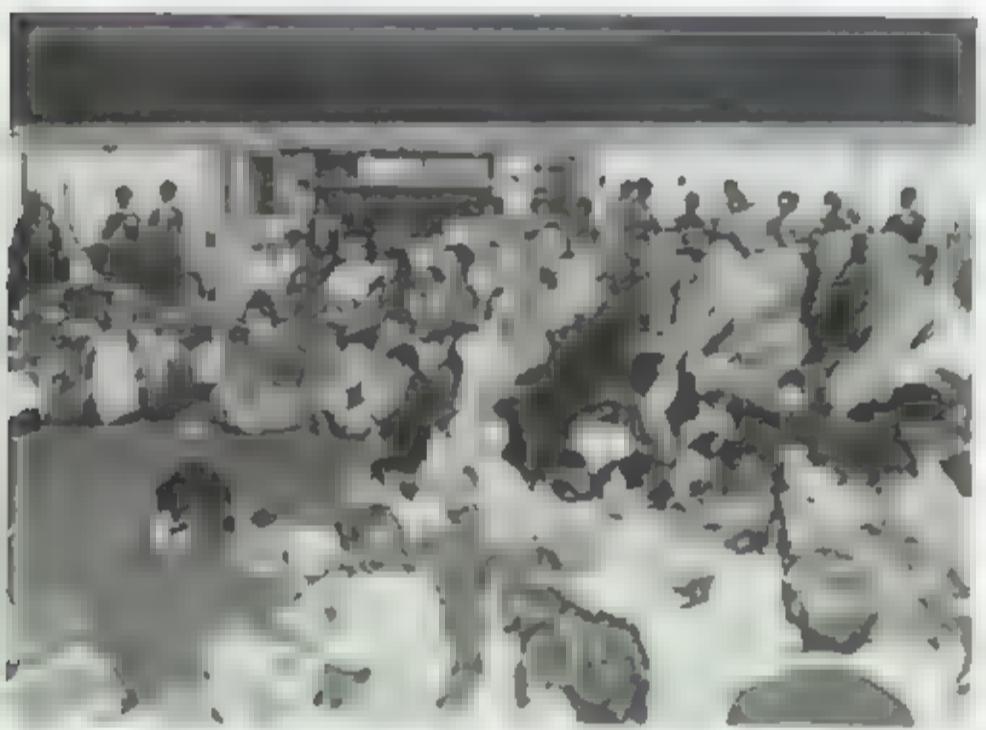




TRADING POST in action

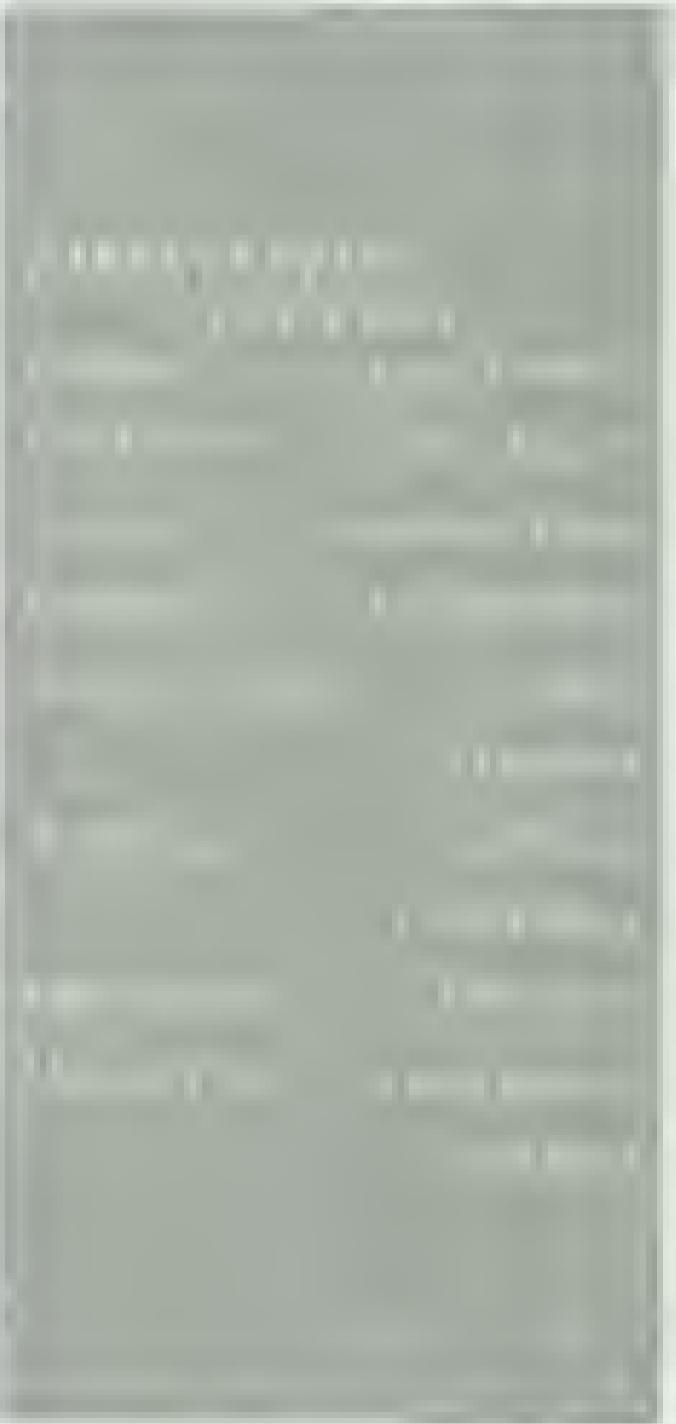


Betty Hill and the TRADING POST

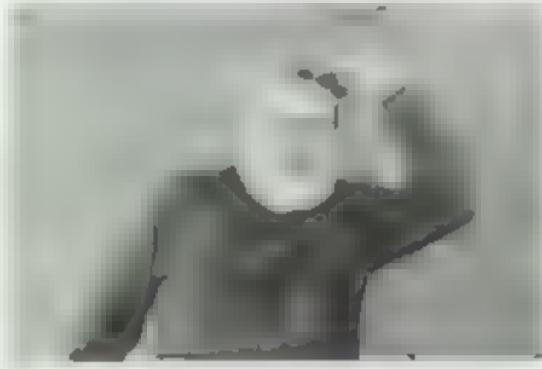


Grandparents Day sponsored annually by the Parents Club

Smoke Signals



Jane Tupper, Micha Ewell, Grace Brown: Part of the ANNUAL ANTIQUE SHOW committee



U R R D - M

Mats

I illustrate words at
Strangle with a angle.
Figure with points
User like strange
I figure with present
Of X uses I pass
It's where you have to have
Thank you for the much for me!

Fox

I've got my nouns down super pat
And I can feel off course
I'm not in your place
You do or who is well in here
It's why and I know your French
Now let's take a chance
You see the teacher's not here
So you can have a chance.

Fox

CM: Strangle see this
What's considered
So if you're ready
Fox pit has been selected.

Fox

We struggle with our characters
And we're not the best
We want away from you
And we're not the best
We try our worth of the best
With bags over our Net
Because he's we that come back fast
We'll all be in a zero.

Fox

In where I was a son of a dock
I never been
The place that I'm in
I'm going to be in
I'm trying to be the future
I'm going to be the past
But I am a son of a dock
I'm going to be the son of a dock.

For the next English grade

For the next English grade



Maumee Valley Wakes Up ...a Faculty Tale



It is 6:30 a.m. Monday. The sun is rising along with 55 women and 25 men. Four of them have been up since 5 a.m.!

Some of these very special 80 people wake up to the sounds of their young children, while most wake to the sound of music or alarms.

The first thing many of these people do in the morning is go to the bathroom. A few light up a cigarette, while one sits on the side of her bed and praises the Lord Almighty, thanking Him for the day.

Most of them shower in the morning, preferably with warm water. Few exercise in the morning, although one runs for two hours (He keeps the rest of them in shape!)

Fewer than half of the men take vitamins, while more than half the women do (A lot of vitamin C!) Most of the men and women wear watches to keep in time.

All but six of this group drink coffee or tea (only 12 prefer tea to coffee). Only 34 of them, mostly women, eat what they consider to be a good breakfast. Most simply have juice and coffee. A few add a piece of toast to that.

As a group, they do not floss regularly every morning, but rather occasionally—on the way to the dentist.

These 55 women and 25 men have a total of 135 children. They also have a lot of pets, 28 cats, 39 dogs, 8 fish (mostly gold), and a few gerbils, birds and rabbits. Most of them have two children, but two of these folks have seven kids! Five of them are married to five others in this group.

When these people leave home, they leave behind their children, sitters, wives, animals, husbands, nephews, plants, 'Duke', roommates and messy houses. One person leaves a husband home because that's where his office is.

Most of them pack their own lunches consisting of sandwiches and fruit, and a lot of yogurt! Three people don't eat any lunch at all.

Most of them come to school by car. However, one drives a school bus, two take TARTA, one jogs, one rides a bike, and in good weather there is a little yellow Moped that arrives carrying one member of this team. Together, they travel a total of 608 miles to work.

The first person arrives at work at 7:15. By 7:45, the nursery is getting busy and by 8:00 coffee is perking in three different spots. An estimated 60 cups of coffee are consumed between 8:00 a.m.—8:30 a.m.

Most of these people carry two to three bags to work with them, including diaper bags, lunch bags, WGTE bags, book bags, L.L. Bean bags and bags under the eyes!

One man carries his briefcase and sometimes his dog (on a leash). This man is the leader of all the others.

At 8:30, these people are: kissing kids goodbye, greeting kids, filling the bus with gas, taking attendance, turning on ovens, changing a diaper, reading mail, taking a shower, arriving at school (late!), silent reading, and teaching.

The faculty and staff at Maumee Valley Country Day School are there to help us, the students, learn and live greater lives. We are very happy for that.

READING IS THE CORE



Primary teachers: seated: Karen Lundholm (coordinator), Kim Lykins
standing, Sharon Coffin, Nancy Fish



Admissions office: Judy Lewis, Charles High



Upper Intermediate teachers: Wendy Spoerl, Jewel Woodard, Cindy
Smith, Sylvia Basch (coordinator)



The people who hold the school together: Judy Donaldson, her
Shema, upper school secretary





Lower Intermediate teachers: Ann Sprandet (coordinator), Phyllis Quick, Bill Sarno, Marc Thomas



Library staff: seated: Becky Ross (director), Marcia Hatcher; standing: Betsy Malcomb, Catherine High, Beth Nicholson



Business office: Barbara Greenlese, raster's secretary; Stephanie Nachtrab, lower school secre-



Business office: Nancy Verner, David Ralston, Janet Burzynski





*Kitchen Staff left to right: Irene Schroeder, Kevin Varga, Vicki Kudlica
Josephine Ceparski, Isabel Gorsuch, Sonka Bartalicky, Randy Kudlica*



Joan Light with some E T C. children



A Large Group of teachers: Charles Spradle, Fay L. Kohl, — — — — —, Mary Ann Winter, Pam Summons, Jane Bishop, Hope Stevens, Mari Dorfmeier, Karen Horikawa, Albert Getman





Pre-Primary teachers: top row, Joan McIlvain, Kaye Cook
bottom row: Lois Coffey, Jan Samples (director), Lisa Kanthak



Dorothy Jubarin, Director of Computer Studies



State Aid Personnel: Mary Ann Renda
nurse; Ruth Euton, speech therapist
Barbara Kunkel, clerk; Ellen Chables
reading specialist





Smead Sisters



Peter Stevens - Headmaster





Sandy McPeck, Assistant Headmaster and Charles Sprandel, Head of Lower School



Beneth Morrow, Head of Upper School

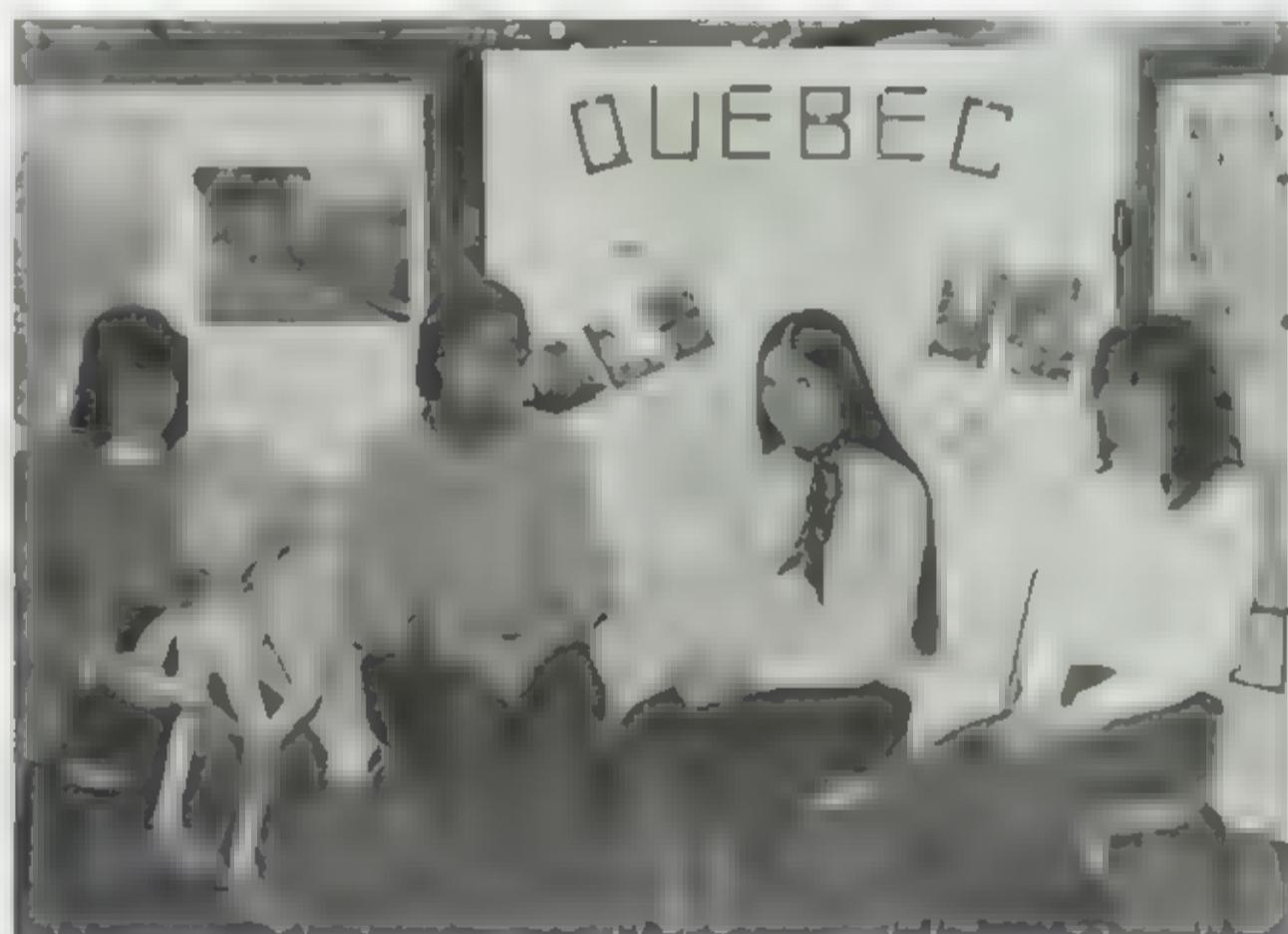




SWAS tutors: Betty DeTray, Albert Getman (coordinator), Brenda Mohr



Science Department: Ken Meinecke, Ron



Foreign Language Department: Ann Lindsley, Pam Summons (Chairman), Margaret Blackburn, Nancy Dunipace





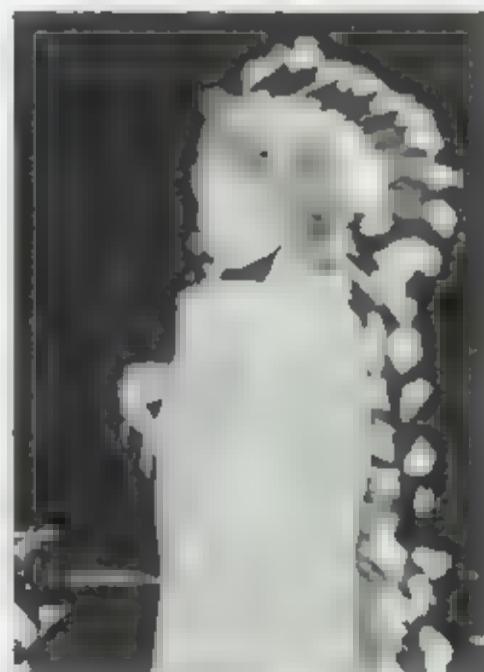
Futon, Sam McCoy (Chairman)



Development Alumni Office: Pam Skinner, Gerry Yaksco, Kathleen Carroll



Physical Education Department: Melissa Washburn, Gary Kidd, John Yakscoe (director)





Mathematics Department: standing: Rob Russell, Arlene Schwartz (chairman), seated Sue Bissonette, Charles Lundholm



Maintenance Department: Demetrius "Duke" Wright, Larry Anning (director), Clarence Snyder (missing, Roy Garcia)



History Department: Ron Euton, Beneth Morrow (chairman) Hope Stevens





Martin Nagy, lower school art



*Fine Arts Department: Susan Zahouk, dance; Lou Ann Glover, lower school art, David Burkett, upper school art
Colleen Seiberg, music, Sue Campbell, drama*



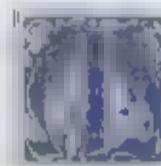
Humanities Department: Stan Fisher (chairman), Charles Lundholm, Jenny Barthold, Peter Stevens, Sandy McPeek





If one photograph could depict the Mormon Video... an oxphoto... we hope that this one does, and will continue to in the future.

A Creative Adventure ...a Senior Tale



Many months ago, in a kingdom far across a broad river, there lived a lovely Fairy Scribe, who was beautiful beyond words, gracious, charming, and clever enough to weave this rather flattering description of herself effortlessly into the first paragraph of this tale. She had an equally beautiful cousin across the river who toiled away as a librarian in a splendid school. One day, the Library Nymph said to the Fairy Scribe, 'O, Cousin, I have a plan which will make us neither rich nor famous, but which will allow us to have fun, be creative, and perhaps drink a bit of elderly grape juice together. I am the yearbook advisor at my splendid school, and wish to call upon you to help write charming tales to introduce the sections of the book. Will you?.. oh, will you??'

The Fairy Scribe agreed, rather liking the whole idea (especially the part about the elderly grape juice), and so the writing began. Information was given, suggestions were made, and the word processor spewed fairy dust all over the pages. The work was fun, the cousins were delighted and contentment reigned on both sides of the river.

Until...one day...a SNAG!

The Library Nymph asked many of the seniors in the school for glowing accounts of their memorable final year. She wished the Senior Tale to be special, as, after all, never again (with luck) would their faces grace a high school yearbook. The Library Nymph desired that this should be a *meaningful tale*—a shining bit of literary memorabilia—a Tale to Take with Them. But, alas, the poor nymph met with vague, incoherent responses. After much effort, many questions, and much time, she brought a tiny scrap of paper to the Fairy Scribe.

'Oh, eye of newt and toe of frog,' said the Fairy Scribe, scanning the wee paper and turning rather ugly. 'How am I to weave a tale around this? Why, there is practically no information at all! Look at this. When they were sophomores, the class of '84 went to Cedar Point. Or this. Five Senior boys went through the whole school together from the beginning. This is the first class to begin in the new building. Arghhhh! What fascinating prose can I call forth to make that interesting?' Here she paused to tear at her abundant chestnut curls.

'Well, at least they blushed when telling me about 'Stealing the Swan at Stratford' and they snickered when someone mentioned 'The emergency room at Stratford'. But, alas, they would tell me no more,' sighed the exhausted Library Nymph.

'But what, oh, what am I to do?' wailed the Fairy Scribe. 'I need details! Was the swan injured during the theft? Killed? Did it wreak havoc upon the perpetrators, making the hospital visit a necessity? There is a story here. I can feel it! Get more information!'

By now, however, time had run short, the dead line was upon them. So the Library Nymph and the Fairy Scribe had to trust that the following pages would tell everyone in the kingdom all they wanted—or cared—to know about the Maumee Valley Country Day School class of 1984.





We all know
that people are the same
wherever you go.
There is good and bad
in everyone.
We learn to live.
We learn to give each other
What we need to survive.
Together alive.

Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder



*The best friend
I've ever had*



*Heeeeyy Hogger
Hog, you're gonna
hot. Burito Woman,
Krogering. Give it a
rest Colette,
drive-thrus, cruisin'
chiks, DAT'S, I'm
going to miss you!*



Beth Wilson



*Thank you M.V., Mom
and Dad, Shawn
(Hog), Mrs. Donaldson
(Sow), Caroline, Sarah
Mr. Lundholm, and
everyone I ever met in
my whole life*





Wendy Wyeth





*Wherever I go and whatever I do, I'll always
remember . . . Sleeping in a nightstand
Mighty midget
(He's too short to grow a beard)
Spaceman
and green cowboys . . . Pirates . . . Rwanda
All
our friends in France . . . Vous me fachez?
(Whap!)
Ceneric teasers . . . Ethel the Aardvark
Fridays (Thanks Mrs. Biss) . . . Jeans, Buses
and 15 bucks*

John Henry Fisher



*Thanks to everyone who made these last
eight years special.*





Pratik Multani

*The woods are lovely, dark and
deep,
But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go before I sleep*
Robert Frost

*How long we live is not for us to say
We may have years ahead — or but a day
The length of life is not of our control
But length is not the measure of the soul —
Not length, but width and depth define the
span
By which the world takes measure of a man
It matters not how long before we sleep
But only how wide is our life — how deep*
Helen Laurie Marshall



*I thank you all from the bottom of my heart, would
that I could repay you as you deserve*

Pirates of Penzance

Thank you so very much

*FRJKMBMRFMRBMRLRSLMRSCMRTJFJCM
and D*





Little Boy Ween



Mean — Ween the fighting machine

Shawn Schwaner



It takes different strokes to move the world



*After one has taken
the first step he must
take another.
Maumee Valley was
the first step and it
has prepared me to
take the next step and
the one after that.*

*Without a doubt M.V.
and its 13 years will be
a part of me forever.
Thanks.*

*Seksom, George,
Run!!! James you're
always playing,
we're going to be
late ... Erik, not a
hair out of place,
Silkiience ... Matty
Fat — The Stud*

*Bill, what a
man!? ... Space —
The hit woman*

*Fish ... Hey
Deb, or are you Dar*

*Brian, please
learn how to drive
Bid-a-Ba, this is
the summer*

*Becky, remember
that East Siders are
#1 ... Porge-Eddie
& ZZ ... Goodbye
everyone. I will miss
you all ELR: Why
was you're hair out
of place at Stratford
(cont. Seksom's
page) Ron: The man
with the one liners.*



Only 15 years and six months to go!



My other car is a VW rabbit



Let your fingers do the walking



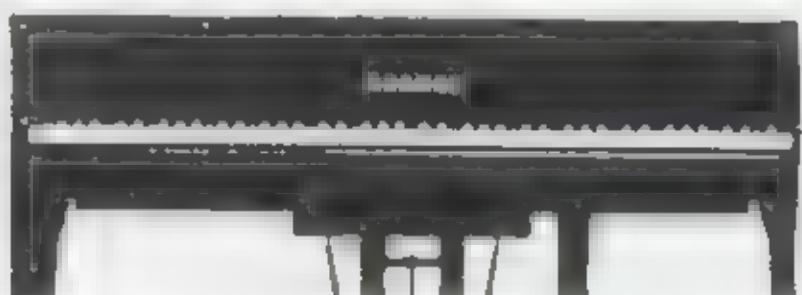
Seksom Suriyapa



Carousing in Sylvania



Start of an MV decade



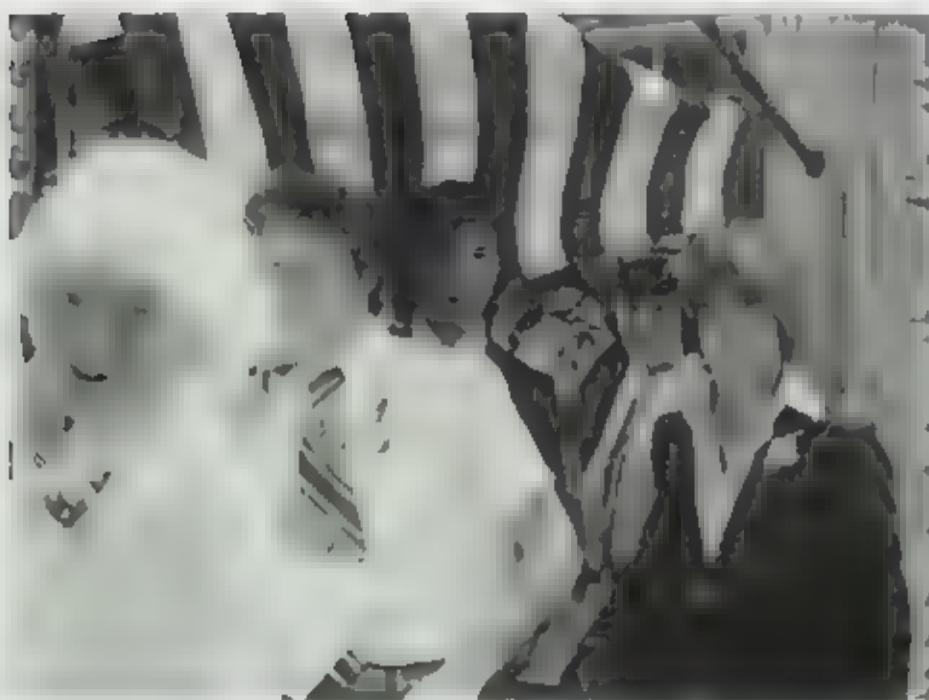
*Thank you Mr. McPeek
Mrs. Morrow, Mrs.
Stevens, and most of all
everyone. (Special thanks
to Mom and Dad.)*

*Bates — remember more fun in '81
Busfest '82, orgie '83, scormor '84
Ween — this is the summer (con't from
Ween's page) remember E L R., the
Duke of Stratford ... Goldman — the
bulldog Thanx for the beach party,
Esch, (except Ween & Porge —
looks like we're in for a brawl how
far is it to Massachusetts? Stew
10 parts russian and say O.J. bottle
rockets and butts all over — (Mr
McCook) Tri-annual Sylvania TP
festival ... "The stars are pretty
tonight" Stratford and Sylvania*

*Thanks to Bob Carver
blackmail pictures ... Master
Thunk you to James S. Katzner &
Harold W. Stewart III for their rousing
rendition of "Doc Bruce Banner"
good vibrations at Brown Jenny
you can have Sven if I can have Ingall*

*The triumvirate (with Jenny &
Steve): our platform wasn't really all
that radical ... ha, ha ... Thanks for
11 busy years*

"Welcome all my friends to the show that never ends!"



*But in the long run there's always time to
change the road you're on*

Led Zeppelin



Mark Goldman

*If you think your life is complete
confusion,
'Cause you're never with the game.
Just remember that it's a grand
illusion.
Deep inside we're all the same*

Sly

Leslie Ann Vanhee



*I thank you M.V.: You've been
a big help!
Mom and Dad, you made
everything possible
Mr. Lundholm, Mrs
Morrow
I'll miss you all*





Thanks MV and Mrs. Morron

Di-Di Soc's and Lancer, Florida. It's 12:20. I'd better leave if I want to be home by 12:00. Scott Lampert's room — It's a beautiful Vodka — never again! Horse shows?!! Heather Speedy — Account ID? Yo — Mindy Apple — Yo — Heather Tangerine! Thumper! Kevie-baby-Kev! Seksom International Festival '82. Kev! Yo — Mindy Apple. Oh hi dad, this is Jenny and Deb. Secret computer program positions. Remember Butsett '82, OR G '83, Scormor '84. Christ. Thanks for being such a good friend! Remember after graduation '82 behind closed doors! Just wait until I break up with him! Erik, Matt, Dar, & Di Jr. Bonner. Oh no — we're out of Miracle Whip! The corner section just doesn't work. Three on a couch. Night Partners. Matt. Someone at the top of the stairs. Nice ice, that's a roll — I thought it was a mushroom let me count the whales. Thanks for everything (the roses too). I'll never forget you.



Debra Bates



Darlene Bates



At Florida horse shows: "Dee-Di-Dar Deb"; Sis Heather Yo Mandy Apple, Thumper, carrots Renee, Taco Bender
Official press cards; Foreign Language Day; WOJO; (&
Leslie) 3 musketeers, Sekiom Next International Festival
'82, computer programs, missions, Shawn G Bear's tra-
itor-caught in the act! Jenny: "Do you actually mind?" talks
till 4 a.m., Buttons; Lutz & Kristen, the Derby: White
blouses, white cars . . . white horses? Little King's mascot, I
tan See, is IKA Meet vocal Be a voice for a game of tennis
strolling down 23, exclusive parties, jr. bonner, giggles
And thus thy memory is to me

I like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tremulous sea
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms — but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile





A council subcommittee meeting



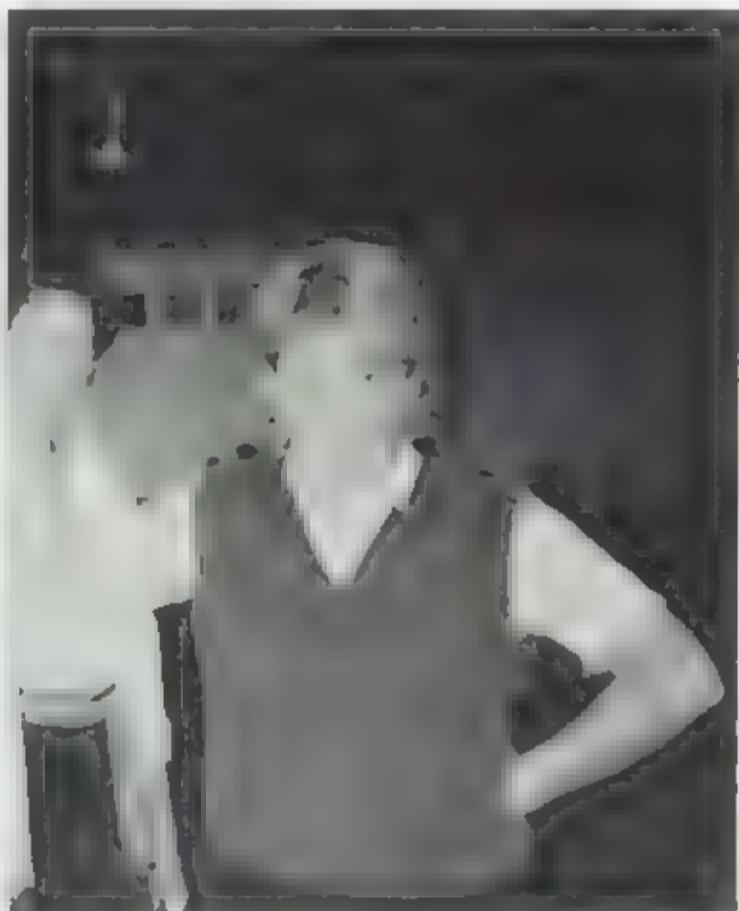
Nice gun Pinky



Matthew Heidet

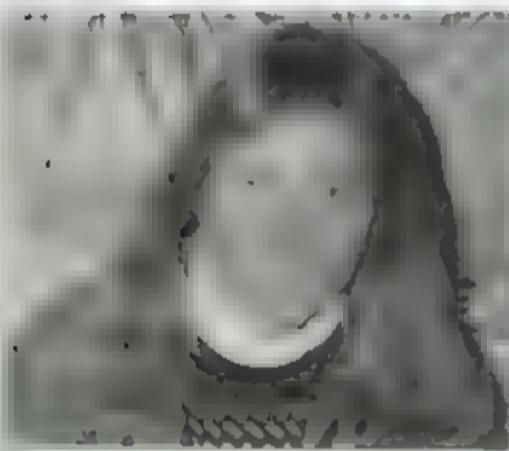
*A special thanks to Rush,
ACDC, YES, Council, Happy
Iron, etc.*

Thanks to Al, Bob and B.M.

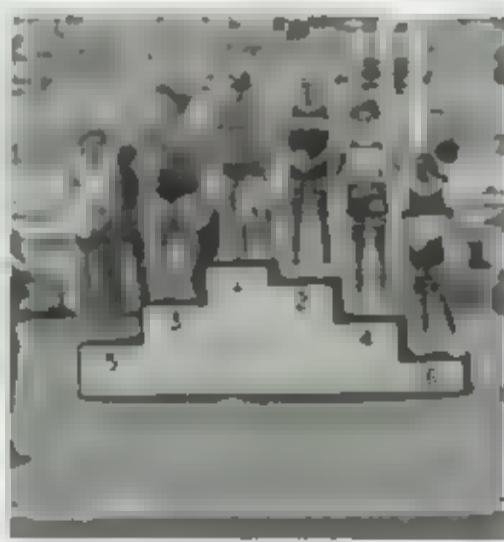


Judy Schwarts





N 1002
EMPLOYEE



Tracey Morrow

THE JOURNEY OF A THOUSAND MILES
BEGINS WITH A SINGLE STEP.



Edmund
Rothschild





Harold William Stewart III



*I thank you: S.L. DA-E-E, Spike
Mr. McPeck, Mr. Testone, Mr.
Koltay, Mr. Hageage, Albert
the Fosters and the Katzeners
Jamey, Kelly, Wiener, Porge
Ron, Jeep, Stephen, Matt
Chris, Brad, Seksom, Erik
Trace, Sylvia, Pointy, Fish
Pratik, Trena, K A S., Leslie
B M.. Vern you mooch and
Mark you'll always be a punk
freshman
There are so many others and
not enough space. So thank you
everyone for making my 13 years
at M V fun and at times
educational*





James Scott Katzner



*Winter, Spring, Summer or Fall
All you've got to do is call
And I'll be there
'Cause you've got a friend*

James Taylor



*Remember Quebec?
Remember the Pirates?
Remember the senior retreat?*





Angela Anagnos



Girls' Basketball

MAUMEE VALLEY (25)
Anagnos 6-4-21, Ketzner 1-3-5, TOTALS: 9-7-25.
ROGERS (23)
Strain 4-0-8, Gibbs 3-1-7, Michon 1-4-6, Sime
3-0-6, Plogman 2-0-4, Cover 1-0-1, TOTALS: 14-5-
31.
Maumee Valley 4 9 7 5 - 25
Rogers 6 11 9 7 - 23
RESERVES: Rogers, 35-14.





*Well I feel something's taking
me, I don't know where
It's like a trip inside a
separate mind
The ghost of tomorrow from
my favorite dream
Is telling me to leave it all
behind
Feel it slipping away, slipping
in tomorrow
Got to get to happiness, want
no more of sorrow*

Black Sabbath



*Of all the things I value most
in life, I see my memories and
feel their warmth and know
that they are good. You know
that I should*

Black Sabbath



*Full moon is rising
The sky is black
I hear you call, I'm coming back
The road is straight east
Wind's in my eyes
The engine roars between my
thighs
From desert plains, I bring your
love*

Judas Priest



Heller Shoop

*Thank you: Mom and Dad, Ozzy,
Mrs. Barthold, Priest, Mr
Lundholm, Sabbath, Rod,
Maiden, Kathy, Schenker, Mr
Testone, Randy Rhodes (for being
the best), Laura, Elissa, Seema,
Saxon, UFO, Zepplin, Scorpions.*



*You've got to believe in yourself, or no one
will believe in you. Imagination like a
bird on a wing, flying free, for you to
use*

*Bid farewell, the works of man when cries
of anger sound again. My tears of
shame cut like a knife. How can I
justify this life?*

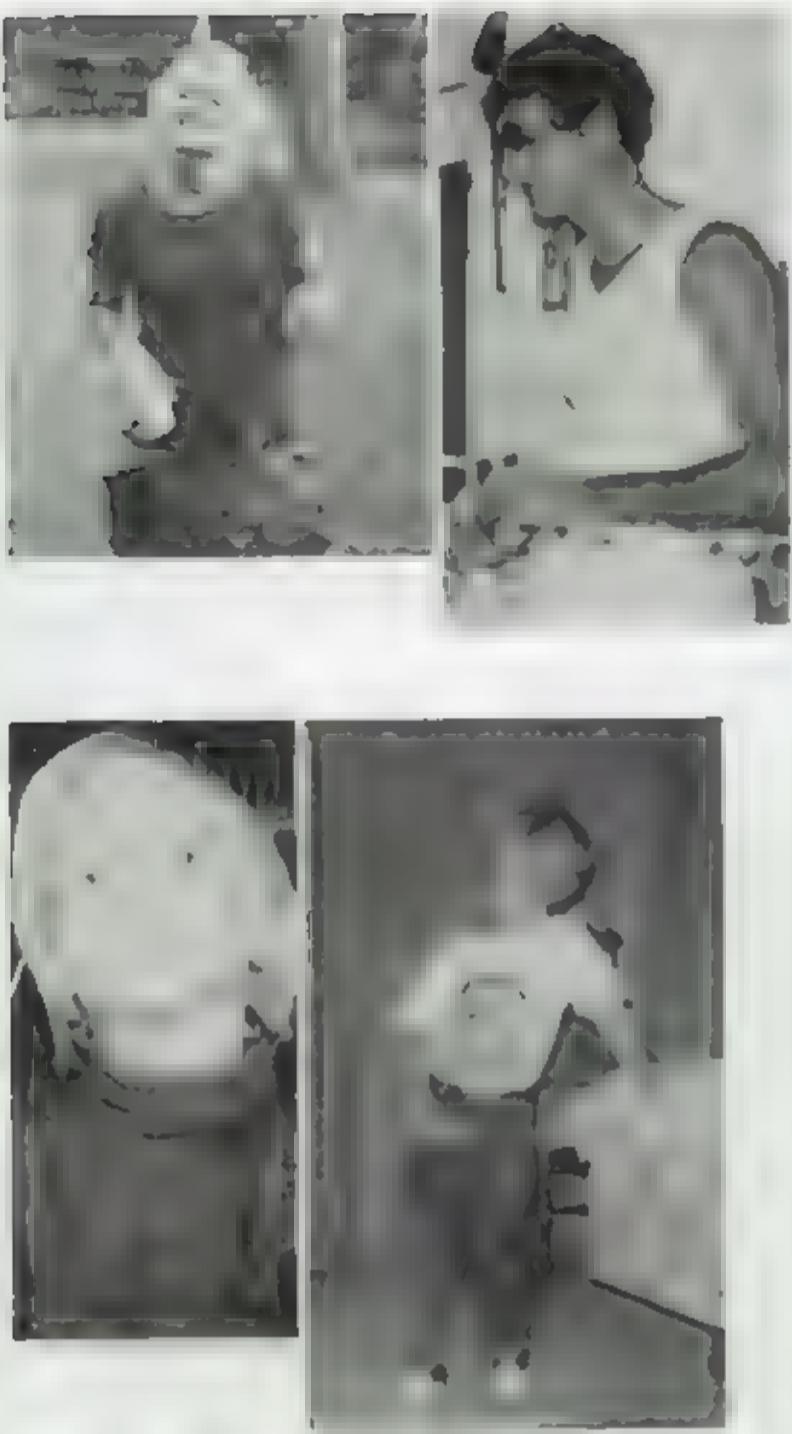
Michael Schenker

*Unchain the colors before my eyes
Yesterday's sorrows, tomorrow's white lies
Scan the horizons, the clouds take me
higher
I shall return, from out of the*

Iron Maiden



*Who's the best rock guitarist of all
time? Randy Rhodes, in Ozzy's arms,
is a top contender.*



He goes out at night with his big boots on. None of his friends know right from wrong. Kick a boy to death 'cause he don't belong. You got to humanize yourself.
Police

Thanx
M.V. Kelly
and Mrs.
Morrow
and all my
good
friends Bill
S., Stephen
F., Matt
B., Shawn
S., Jamey
K., Brian
R., Tracey
M., Sex-
som S.,
Leslie V.,
Peter D.,
Brad C.,
Lydia B.,
John B.,
Chris C.,
and of
course Bill
M.

*YOU made
life bear-
able.*

*I love you
Teats, and
Thanks to
the two
people who
mean ev-
erything to
me — my
Mom and
Dad*



Who are these incredible people?



Ron Simmons



I'd like to thank my entire family
Without you, none of this would
be possible

That chap is really out of control
today.



Thank you for your support:
Mr. Russell, Mrs. Morrow, Mrs.
Bissonette, and Albert Getman.
I'd also like to thank the members
of this incredible Klan: Christie
Hamilton, Bill Morley, Ronnie
Simmons, Kelly Light, Brad
Coffin, Peter Detjen, Bill
Stewart, Stephen Loser, Jessica
Bushaw and the "V" Man.



This man is truly incredible

Every breath you take
Every move you make
Every bond you break
Every step you take
I'll be watching you
Every single day
Every word you say
Every game you play
Every night you stay
I'll be watching you

The Police

John Brownson

How can you say that you're
not responsible. What does it
have to do with me? What's my
reaction? What should it be?
Confronted by this latest
atrocity. Driven to tears

The Police



Prom 1983 . . . Amazing

Thanks for the tickets, Joe. And
thanks to Bill, Christie, and
Cindi for coming along . . . It
was a great night



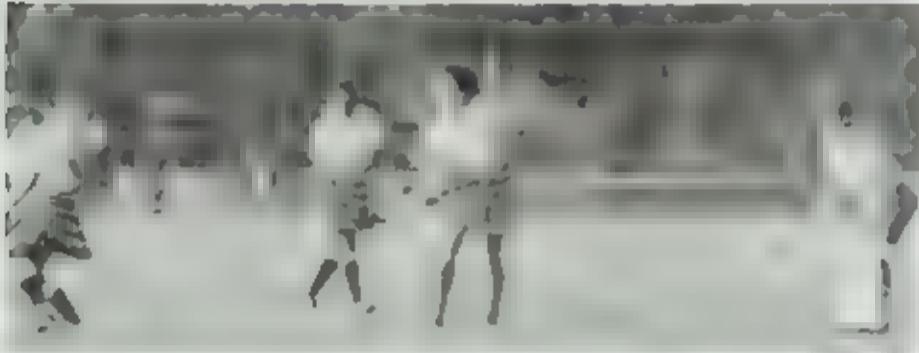


Thank you: Mom, Dad, Laz, Sam, Mr. Stevens, Albert, and Mr. Lundholm for getting me through high school. Special thanks to all my friends, especially: Shawn, Jenny, Bill, Leslie, Mark C. and the Beach Boys, (you know who you are). Without you, high school would never have been the same



George Hageage

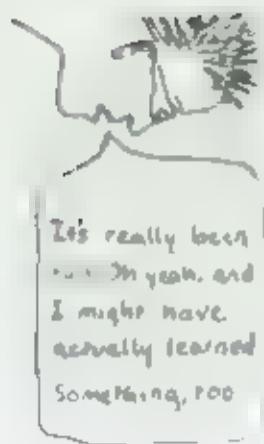




Dar—fast food en route to the play, lost on River Road, sorry I threw you in the pool at Lisa's party! Deb—ΣΦΕ yo Mindy Apple, our obscene computer messages. Remember Kev's party, the shoe collection, getting Jenny out of the tree? Watermelons—surrounded!! Marcus—my name isn't Hester and I didn't pass out in your closet! Laura—were our classes useful after all? Wonder twin powers activate! I wish we'd kept the swan. To all my teachers; I will keep trying to get things in on time and talk more in class, even in college. Thank you everybody (you know who you are) especially Captain Mother, Lisa & Lisuba, Mrs. Morrow, Meredith, Martin, and just about every member of the class of '84



Heather Knight



It's really been
... My year, and
I might have
actually learned
Something, too.



Remember Stratford, anyone? Seksom on the roof, Jude in the aisle, Laura locked in the bathroom, the plaster swan

Pete W.—good luck, I know you'll always do fine.

Argue for your limitations, and sure enough, they are yours

—Richard Bach





*Kimmy and Mommy
"Trick or Treat!"*



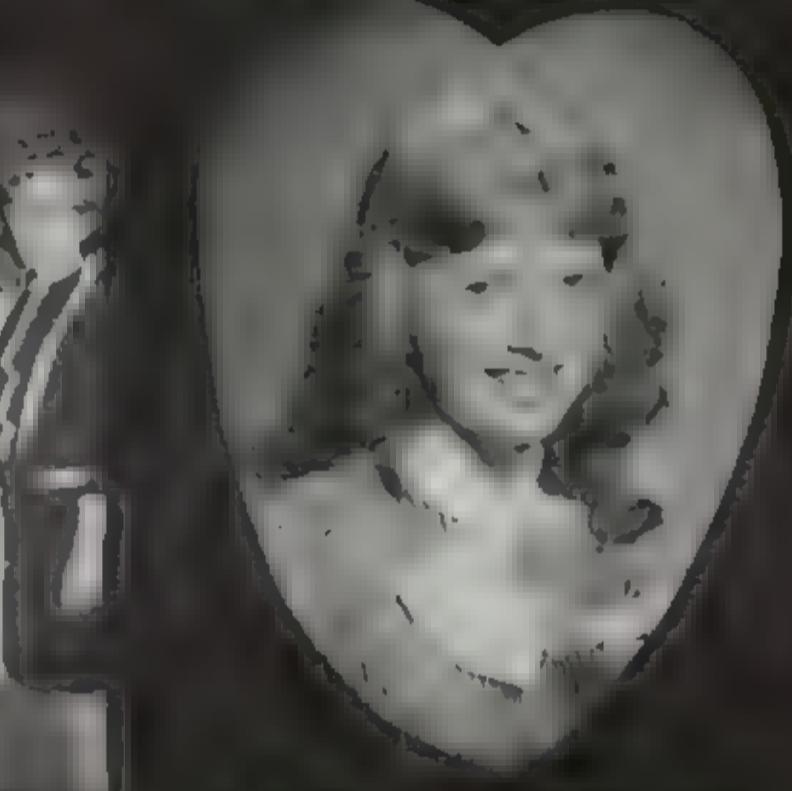
Varsity Cheerleaders



*Sailing is fun!
When you are one!*



*Dad, Kim, Mom, Grandma
Van Dame, Aunt Gloria*



*Keep Smiling!!!
God Loves You!!!
Kimberly,
Michelle
Veroneau*



*Jeffrey, Kimberly
Tamara, Kevin*



Jamie Foy and Kim



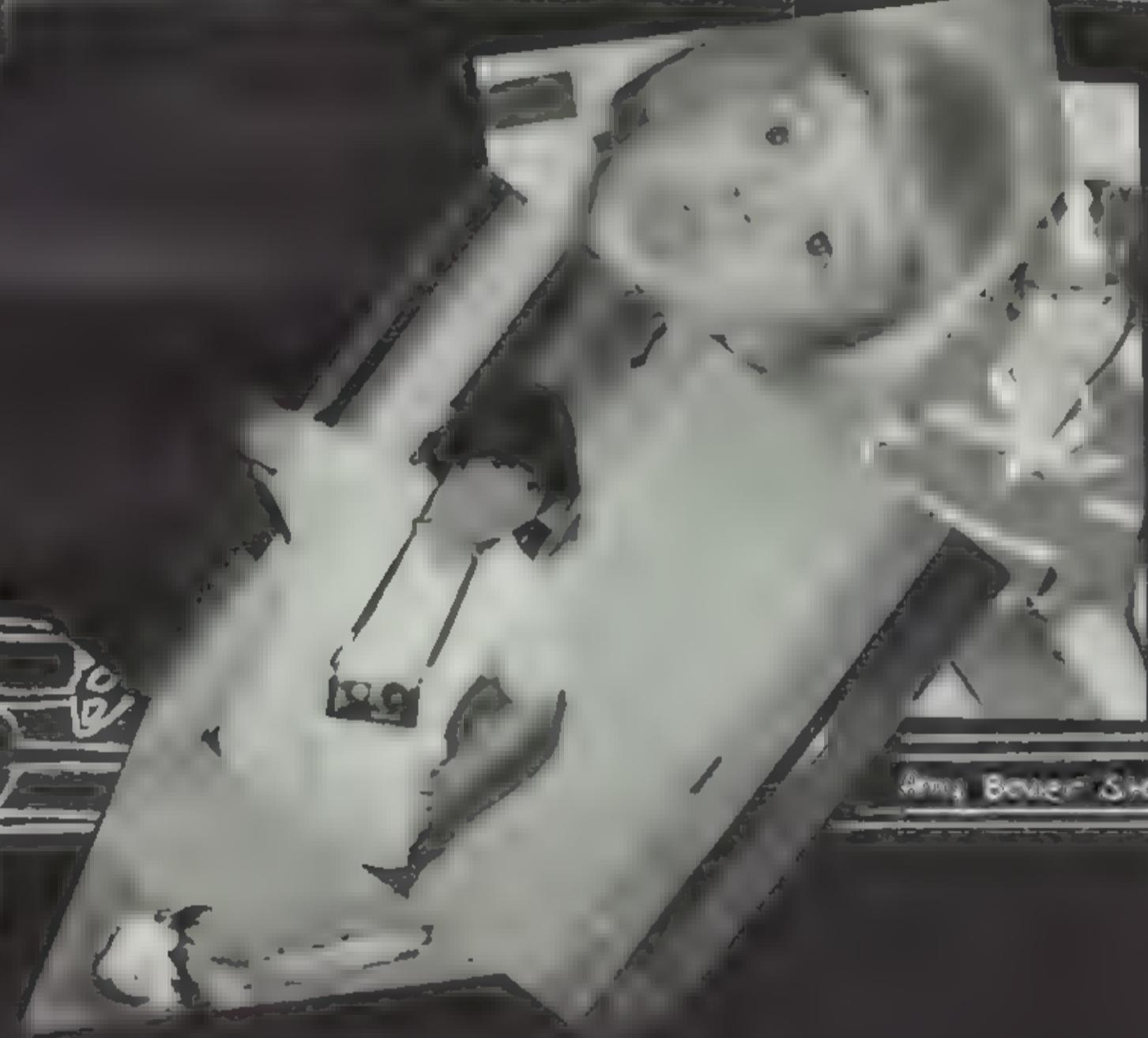
Kip, Jeff, Mom, Kim, Dad, and Tam



*Kim with Peter Moore
"Pirates of Penzance"*

Maumee Valley — Memories of best friends, great teachers, cheerleading, Summer School teaching, "Pirates of Penzance" ballet, Glee Club, Quiz Bowl, Chess Club, Yearbook, gymnastics, softball, soccer, tennis, and much more. Thanks to everyone, especially Mom and Dad. I love you!!

We shall not cease from exploration
and the end of all our exploring will be
to arrive where we started out
And know the place for the first time.



Tony Bauer Stein

Thanks Mom, Dad, Julie, Mr. Lundholm, Mrs. Morrow, Mrs. Carpenter,

Mrs. Hall, Uncle (have you ever seen a scan-on-fixture - this

(room has no peer) Jenny, Becky, Rosey, David, Burkett, the Silverdome,
Stephen, Mr. Yakimog, Mr. Neenecle, the Senior-class, and N.N. family.



I like that Doc ... OK!
That hurts me ... Oh no!
Que Pasa? ... Painful ... Sad
Surely you jest
Hooomer! ... The Mohomo
brothers ... The Beach
Boys ... Passion ... Three
Penny ... Pirates ... "I can't
find them," "Check the
hospital!" ... Be there, Aloha!
Baseball. Yeah!



Goodbye my friends ... maybe forever
Goodbye my friends, the stars wait for me
Who knows when we shall meet again
If ever
But time
Keeps flying like a river
to the sea to the sea
Till it's gone forever
Gone forever
Gone forever
Alan Parsons Project



MV 1884-1984 100 Years
and still going

Eric Rhee

Thanks to all my friends,
especially Ween, Fish, Pratik,
Matt, Jamey, Syl, Bill, Trace,
Mark, Darlene, Ted, Deb,
Jenny, Porge, Arse, Beck, and
Seks. Also all my friends from
Exeter '83. Thanks Mom and
Dad for everything. Also to my
aunts whom I love dearly



*Two roads diverged in a
wood, and I—I took the one
less traveled by, and that
has made all the difference.*

Robert Frost

*Though leaves are many, the
root is one;
Through all the lying days of
my youth
I swayed my leaves and
flowers in the sun;
Now I may wither into the
truth.*

William Butler Yeats

*Thanks Mom for all the
support you've given me
through the years. I haven't
told you in a while but I do
love you and need you*



*Thanks to all the people at
M.V.—Mr. Testone, Mr
McPeck, Mrs. Schwartz, Mrs
Morrow, and all my friends
who have made my four years
in high school tolerable and
at times very enjoyable.
Without most of you (Cheeks!
Ha Ha) I don't think I could
have made it. M.V., my
second family, thanks for
giving me a chance to live.
Survival is O.K. but it is the
fortunate one who has the
taste of life*



Lisa Talley

*Cheeks... it's been grand
Next time I see you don't give
me one of those specials you
always seem to dream up
Wendy, life goes on even
without you know who you've
told me that but I'm not
listening... he'll probably be
around for a long time to
come. If ever there is a
problem call me, I'll always
be somewhere. Dinky, well I
just don't know. (Ha Ha)*



Boy she's fat



*Mom and Dad — Thanks for trusting and believing in me. I love you. Lisa
I think you've been there each time I did something embarrassing and I'm glad you were. Shawn, Erik, Pratik and John — Thanks for being my surrogate "big brothers". The Board — you helped me learn to love and share — Thank you. "Friends are friends forever".*



Becky Raisner

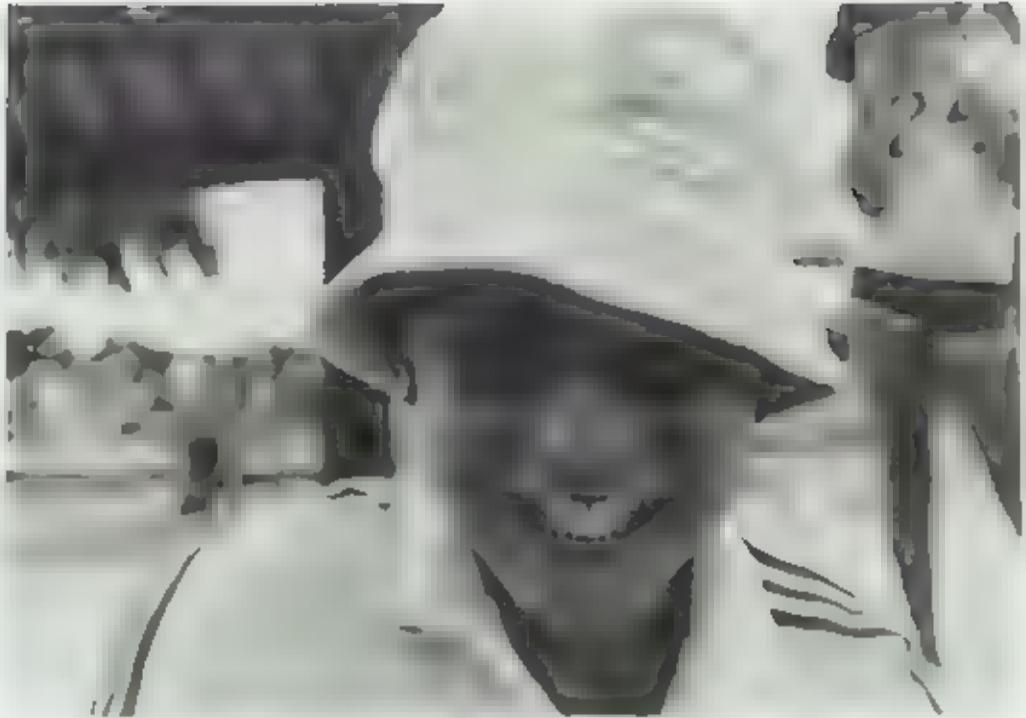


"The glory of friendship is not the outstretched hand, nor the kindly smile, nor the joy of companionship; it is the spiritual inspiration that comes to one when he discovers that someone else believes in him and is willing to trust him."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson



Brian Rothman





Laura Sominsky

*Those who dance are thought mad by
those who hear not the music.*



Jenny
Campbell

*Dance is a delicate balance between
perfection and freedom.*

*Tremble: your whole life
has been a rehearsal for
the moment
you
are
now
in*

*Thanks
I love
you*

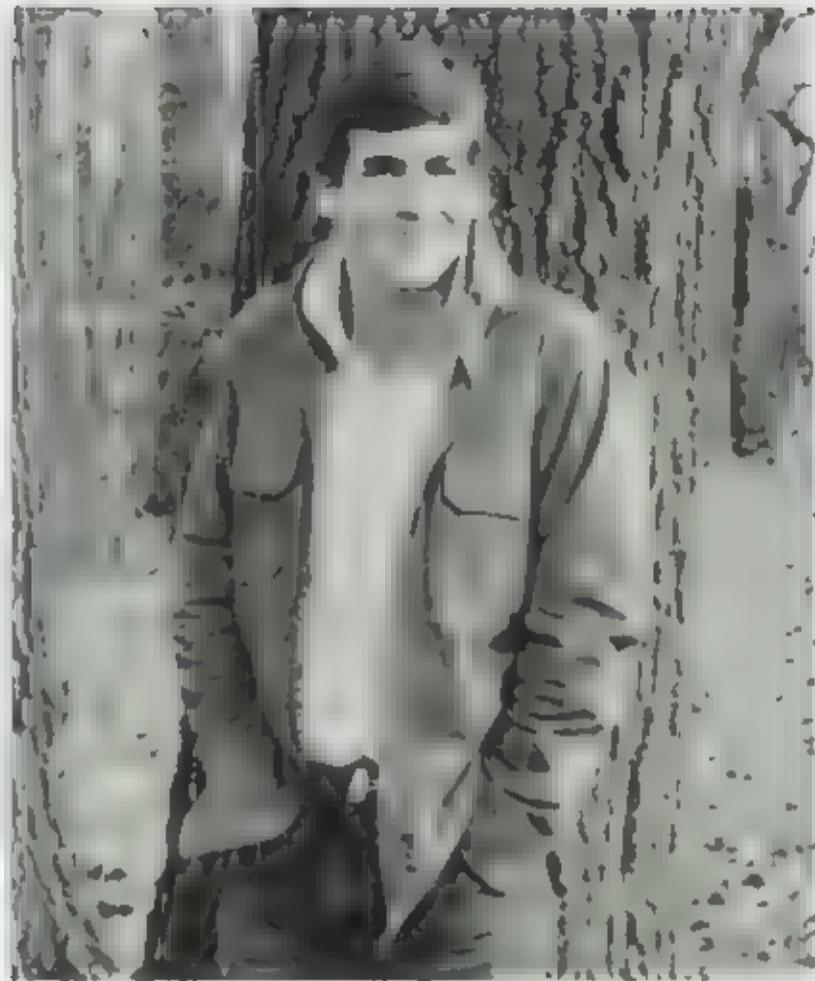


"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS ONE?"
Mildred Miller, played by Jenny Campbell, shows her handwriting to father Nat Miller, played by David Ward. The scene is from Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" which runs through April 7 at the Repertoire Theatre, 14 Teah St.

If I could I'd slow the whole world down I'd
bring it to its knees, I'd stop it spinning 'round,
but as it is I'm climbing up an endless wall
no time at all

Stewart, Andy & Gordon

Matt Bretz



Sign on and sail with me

The statue of our homeland is no more than the
measure of ourselves. Our job is to keep her free. Our
will is to keep the torch of freedom burning for all. To
this solemn purpose we call on the young, the brave
and the strong, and the Free. Heed my call. Come to
the sea. Come sail with me.

John Paul Jones



DAB
For the girl
Who has everything
What can I give
Except myself
I'll never forget you'

I change my clothes ten times
before I take you on a date. I
get the heebie jeebies and my
panic makes me late. I break
through a cold sweat reaching
for the phone. I let it ring twice
before I chicken out and decide
you're not at home! Does
everyone stare the way I do? I
only stare this way at you. I
never noticed the size of my
feet 'til I kicked you in the
shins, will you ever forgive me
for the shape I'm in?

Does everyone stare this way
at you? I only stare this way at
you. I change my clothes ten
times before I take you on a
date. I'm in a cold sweat. I
panic, it makes me late. I know
you never asked for this. I
know, my shots will always
miss, my shots will always
miss.

Does everyone stare this way
at you? I only look this way at
you.

I wanna write you a sonnet but
I don't know where to start.
I'm so used to laughing at the
things in my heart; best of all
I'm sorry 'cause you never
asked for this. I can see I'm not
your type and my shots will al-
ways miss, always miss.
Does everyone stare this way at
you? I only stare this way at
YOU!

The Police



THE ANKLE OF KANGAROO
BEEF BEEF BEEF RRRR
GIGANTIC HONEYMOON
KICKED BY A PELICAN
SKINNY MUSCLE JONES
BAMBOO MEATBALL



Stephen V. Foster Jr.

Welcome to the machine." R. Waters / "Is there anybody in there?" R. Waters / "one man gathers what another man spills" The
Cramps / "Yesterday has past" U
Nique / "The spacetime of our life" P
Simon & A. Garfunkel / "Don't gain the
world lose your soul wisdom is better
than silver and gold." B. Marley / "It takes
more gold and mind over matter" Dire
Strait / "Live each day as if it were your last
live each day as if it were forever" J. Cliff
So I will continue to continue" P. Simon &
A. Garfunkel / "C'est la vie" G. Take
Does anybody really know what time it is
Does anybody really care? Chicago / "Life I
wouldn't give up" Simon & Garfunkel /
"The secret of life is enjoying the pas
sage of time" J. Taylor





The Centennial Class

*The Class of 1984
Dedicates the Senior
Section in Memory
of
Mark Russell*



First Senior to be married



Who's behind those Foster Grants?



*Was this the
toga dance
or seniors in
Stratford?*



"A GOOD BOOK
IS THE BEST OF FRIENDS"



WITH LOVING GRATITUDE TO
MARION, MARY AND CAROLINE OHLAB



The Awesome High School

...an Educational Tale



There was once a high school so splendidly original that everyone noticed it, even though it was, when compared with other schools, quite tiny. Like *The Mouse that Roared*, it was a grand little power among the others. The proof of this fact was that when they became adults, many of the students became influential leaders in the great work of the world. But because it was small, sometimes the students felt lost in the panorama of high schools in the kingdom wherein the little high school was located.

"We will be unique!" shouted the students of the little high school. "We will be so in' that the other schools will all be left far behind! Perhaps we are small, but we will be powerful!" So the students looked at themselves. "We must look especially grand. That is the first step," they all declared. Everyone began to notice their clothes. Small reptiles were seen on nearly every chest, like badges.

"This will not do! Everywhere one looks, one notices these wee reptiles. We must rise above the common fixation with cold blooded animals!" the most fashion conscious declared. A small army of polo players was dispatched to vanquish the dreaded alligators. "Ah, much better," sighed the students.

"Oh, no," cried the students, "look at the legs of our females! They are all covered in leg warmers.. but (gasp) leg warmers are now even available in super markets! They are common! Everyone is wearing them. This will not do." So all of the leg warmers were relegated to those studying dance, and the female students instead covered their limbs with decorative stockings of every pattern and hue. "That's more like it," the students said. "Now we are once again above the crowd."

But before the students could relax, someone noticed that many people—nearly everyone, in fact—wore gloves with fingers in them! "Horrors!" gasped the students. "We must rise above this trend!" So someone, on a trip to a larger kingdom, found gloves without fingers. "Ah, wonderful," breathed the students. "We will all wear these fabulously different gloves and be, therefore, unique."

"Wait just a minute," said a voice of reason. "I don't like these new gloves without fingers. My fingers are freezing, and besides, the new gloves cost more than gloves with fingers. This is dumb." The others turned to stare at the maverick. The Voice of Reason continued, "We are special without fingerless gloves, spotted legs and polo players running across our chests. We have a really wonderful school, where we get to do really wonderful things. Take Winterim, for example...some of us got to go skiing and learn to watercolor, others of us went to the Bahamas, one of us worked in an art studio...that's remarkably splendid. Besides, each of us is encouraged to be our best. That is uncommon enough for anyone, because each of us is unique."

The students thought about this, and concluded that the Voice of Reason was correct. So, although they still continued to fall into the fashionable pit from time to time, they all sought to remember that high school is a place to discover who one is, how high one can soar and how happy and fulfilled one can be.



Left to right
Linda Baker
Chris Cook
Cameron Jones
Debbie Lewis
John Mark Dunn

JUNIORS

Top to bottom
Laurie Smith
Dwayne Budgett
Laura Yule
Kelly Light
Peter Crible



W E D N E S D A Y

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



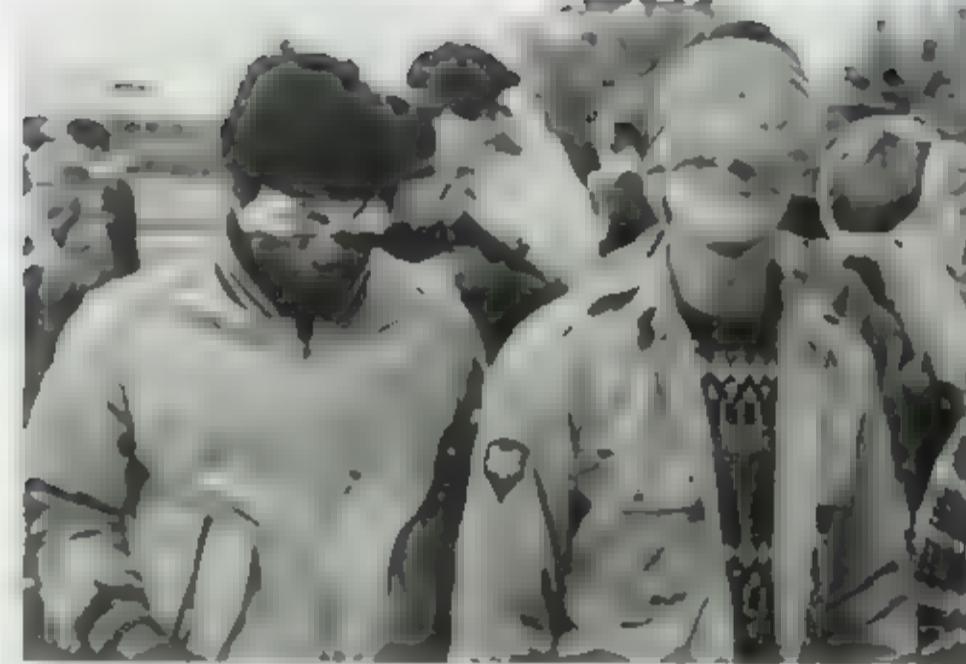
Top to bottom
John Herr
Kathleen Mich
Doris H. Smith
John Yester



Left to right
Bob Gandy
Patricia Clark
Tom Pennington
Veronica Verma
Susan Koenner



1. *President*
2. *President*
3. *President*
4. *President*
5. *President*
6. *President*
7. *President*
8. *President*
9. *President*
10. *President*
11. *President*
12. *President*
13. *President*
14. *President*



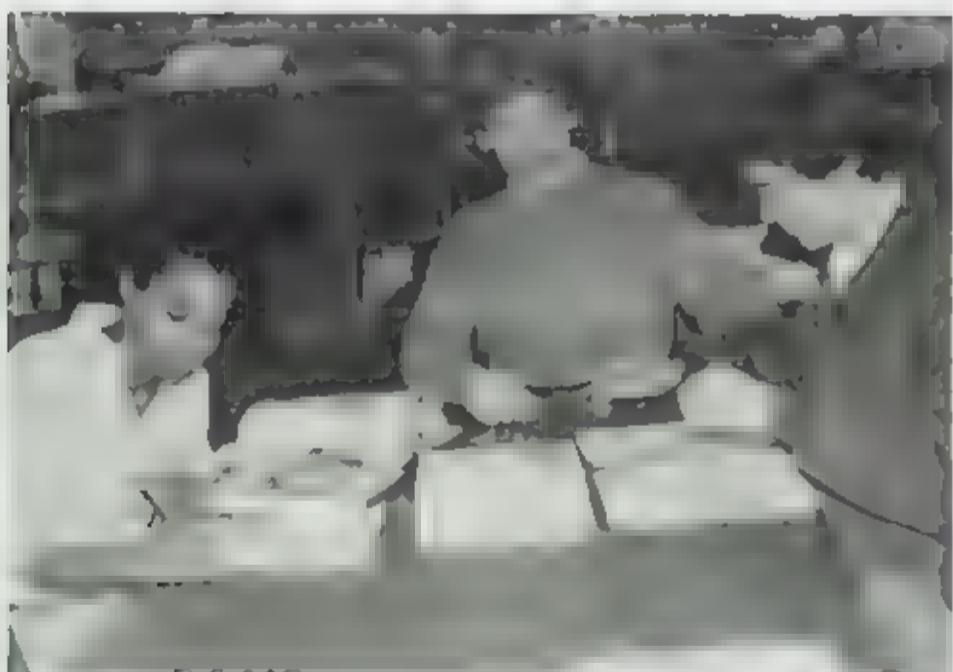
1. *President*
2. *President*
3. *President*
4. *President*
5. *President*
6. *President*
7. *President*
8. *President*
9. *President*
10. *President*
11. *President*
12. *President*
13. *President*
14. *President*



Left to right
John C. Reilly
Chris O'Dowd
Tobey Maguire

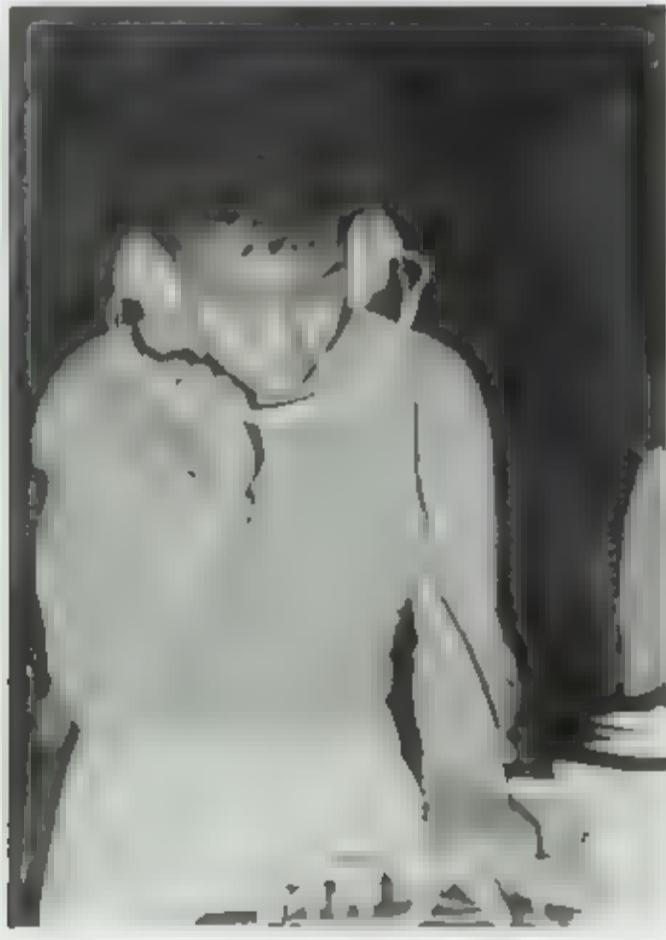


Top to bottom
Andrea Riseborough
Adam Biro
Bart Johnson
Mark Knopf
Edie Falco





SOPHOMORES



Left to right:
Kathleen Williams
Lorraine V. Hartnett
Jane T. Clark
Barbara L.
Felicity Chapman
Barbara M.
Frances Farnham



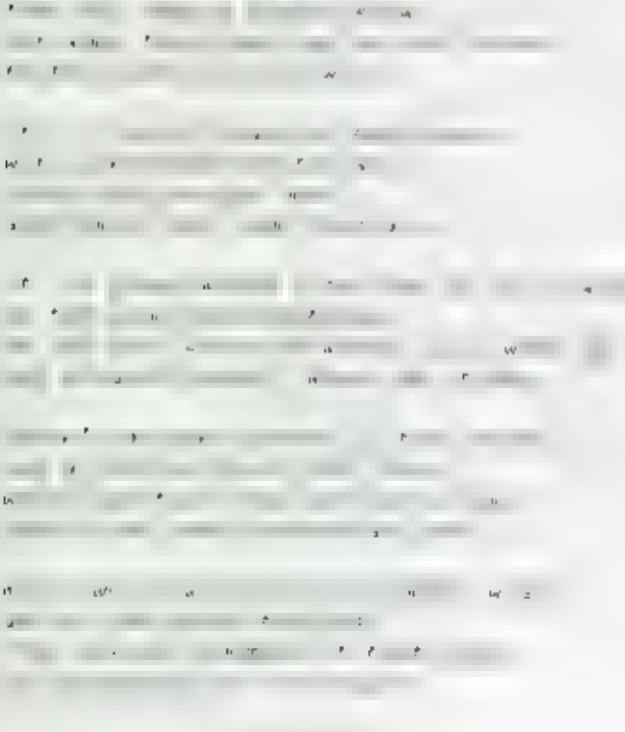
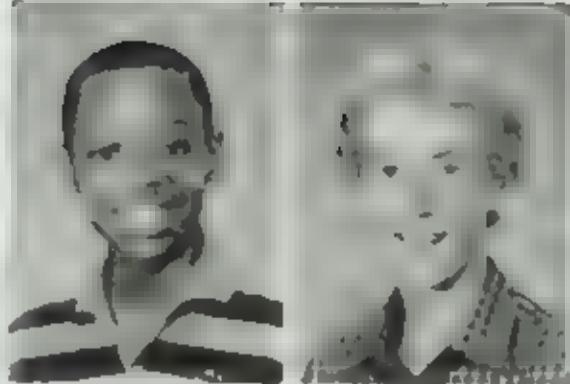


Left to right:
Ran Hee-hee
Robert H.
J. A. Jones
Candice Johnson
Kerry Winters
Mark Chang
Amy Nale

Morgan
Robbie Alford
Mike Chastel



Left to right
Debra Jones
Julie Baker
Jennifer Scott
Janna McLean
Sara Enright
Deborah Parke





Top left to right:
Steve Thompson
John Engler
Kathleen Campbell



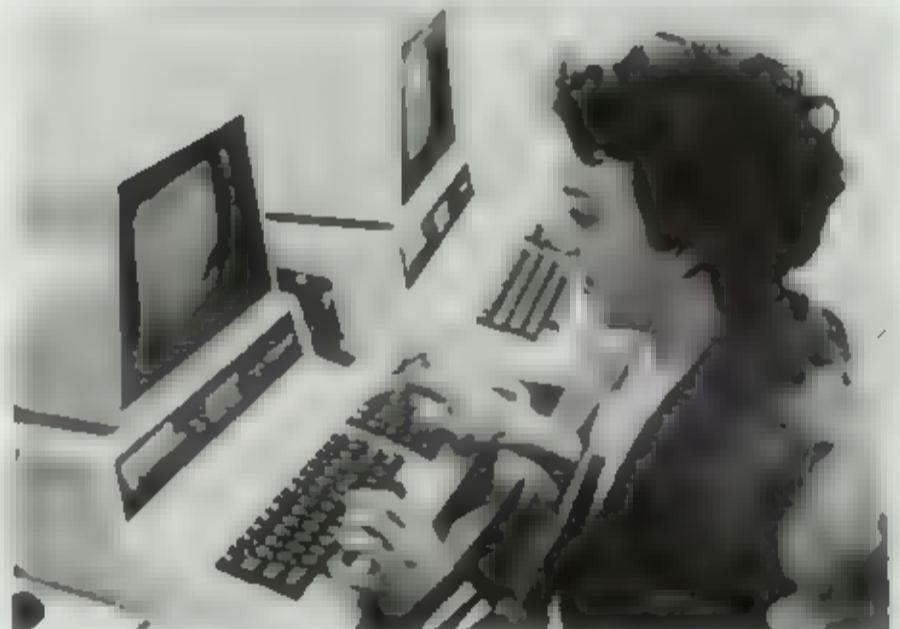
Left to right:
Vera Ahmed
Kira Kerec
Brian Schubert
B. J. K.
Megan Henkens
Vince Newmull



Left to right
Bren Miller
Cheri Muzza
Kurt H. Neugebauer
Keith Kanner
Margarette L.
Robert Hall

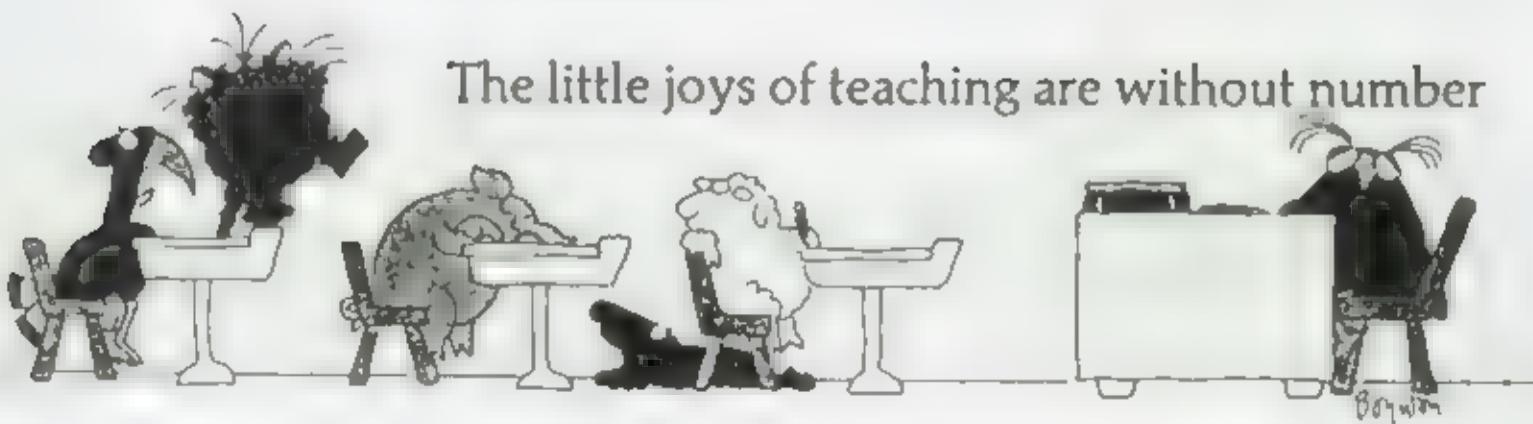


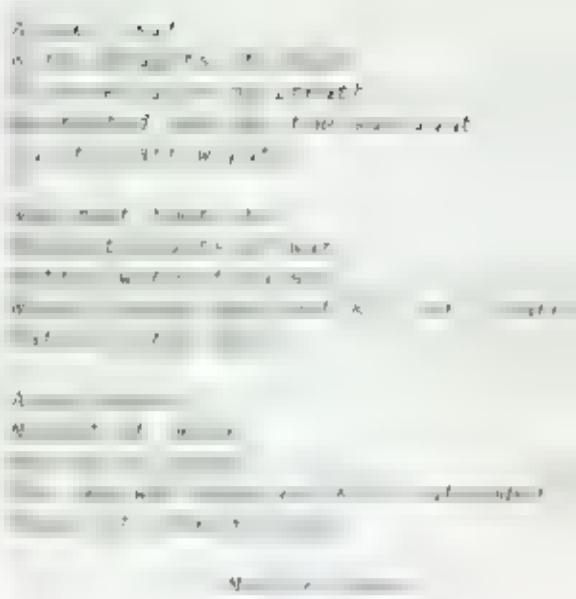
Top & bottom
Robert Neugebauer
Kurt H. Neugebauer



FRESHMEN

The little joys of teaching are without number





Top left, right:
Alex McErlain
Lara Zorn
Mukta Patel



Left to right:
Arianna Amato
Amelia Sauer
Cassidy Allen
Kaitlin Hwang
Calvin Banks
Muge Celik



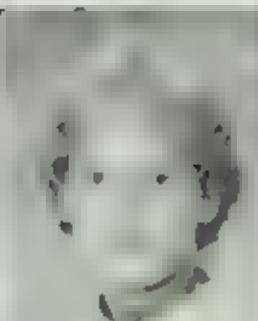


Top to bottom
George F. Boutillier
Rexine May
George K. Nakane

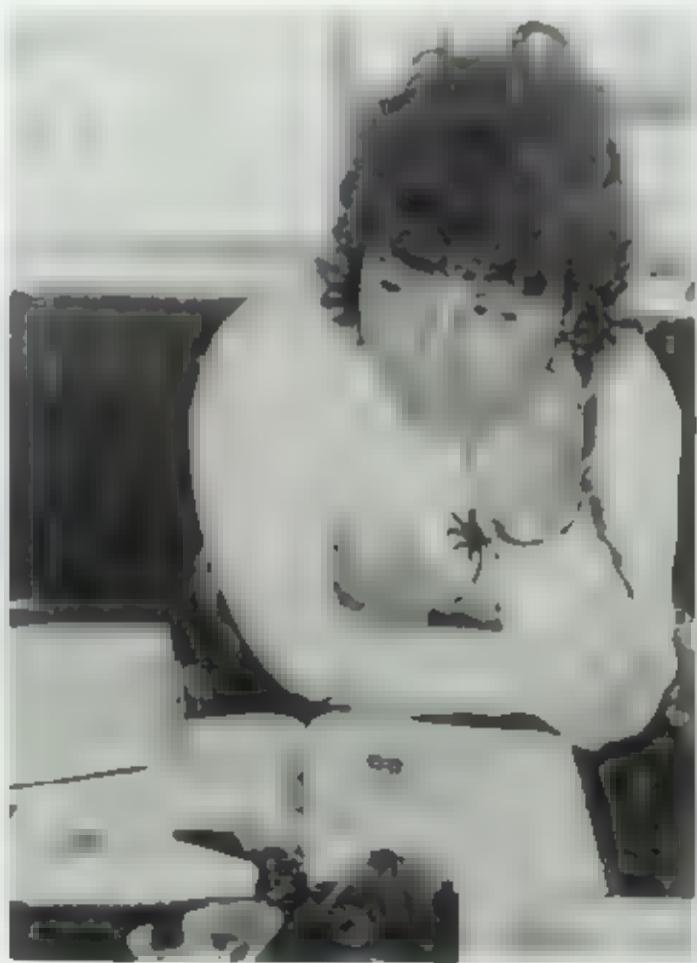


Left to right
David Palmer
Christine Clark
Dawn May
Marie M. Rice
Renee Ross
James Finch

Left to right
Kathy Lamm
Caren Nachman
Nancy Goss
Suzanne Sommers
Marilyn Johnson
Arlene Lerner



Left to right
Kathy Lamm
Caren Nachman
Nancy Goss
Suzanne Sommers
Marilyn Johnson
Arlene Lerner





100 Acre Wood

...a Lower School Tale



Innie the Pooh had it right, the Lower School Meadow is a "100 Aker Wood". It is always good to have a Pooh Bear around to make the world clear and understandable and to hold your hand if you're feeling a little insecure, as I was on this occasion.

We stood in the center of the Great Meadow on a woody outcropping, gazing at the entire 100 akers, enjoying the colors streaming by us and wondering at the variety of species that inhabit its perimeter. In the meadow itself were all manner of young critters, chatting, reading, listening and in general enjoying the close and fuzzy presence of one another.

To our immediate west lies the spot Pooh Bear called "The Thicket of Production". "Well named", I thought, for it was an area abounding with otter pups who formed a grand creche of melodic cacophony, all expertly orchestrated by the adults of the species. The joyful sounds signalled the day's lessons in the survival skills specific to this furry cutie. Although happily engaged in their sliding lesson, it was apparent that the young pups were well behaved and generally disposed to mind their elders. Just watching the adult otters tired us for they never seemed to rest, nor could they, for the pups themselves seemed incapable of staying in one spot for more than a moment.

A short distance to the north of the otters is the Forest of Festivals, inhabited, we could see, by wonderfully nimble short tailed ruminant kids who pranced about on small cleft hooves. From our perspective they seemed to be clothed in Grecian, or was it Egyptian, costumes? Pooh wasn't sure, but he did say it was always one or the other. Thereupon he directed my attention to the faun-like animals who were shepherding the kids from task to task. The fauns are delightful creatures and courageous as well for taking on this herd of cultural revellers.

The next area we entered Pooh called the "Beaver Bush", a stand of trees and numerous ponds around which small clumps of furry amphibians busily engaged in reducing a forest of impressions into manageable sticks of knowledge. The little kits are a happy industrious lot whose seriousness of purpose is periodically overwhelmed by the spirit of playfulness so natural to their age. It was plain to us that it requires all the energy of the adults and occasional slaps of their broad flat tails upon the surface of the water to keep the kits in line. As you can imagine, the energetic involvement of teeth and tails give this area a markedly distinctive auditory character.

The remaining patch of trees was densely populated with young deer who gambolled and capered about as if their legs were newly found. When we creped in close it became apparent to us that the yearlings spent much time 'oohing' and 'ahhing' over their newly discovered antlers, freshly grown coats or disappearing spots. Pooh Bear explained that it is always this way with mammaescents. What ever the case, it was apparent that the buck and several doe in charge worked hard in a valiant effort to keep the minds of the yearlings on the higher more sublime principles of the forest. I wonder if they ever succeed?

As Pooh Bear led me out of the Great Meadow, I tried to find a way to sum up our experience, unfortunately, my mind turned to jello and all thought failed me. However, Winnie the Pooh reminded me it was getting on toward supper time and because his stomach and brain are directly linked, he found just the right words. He whispered in my ear, "These animals here love learning and life as a bear friend of mine loves a jar of honey." I knew what he meant and agreed with him. Don't you?

Week



Left to right
Gretchen Lohman
Bob Afleck
Heather Gardner
Jillian Rosten
Brett Nease
Ran Gever



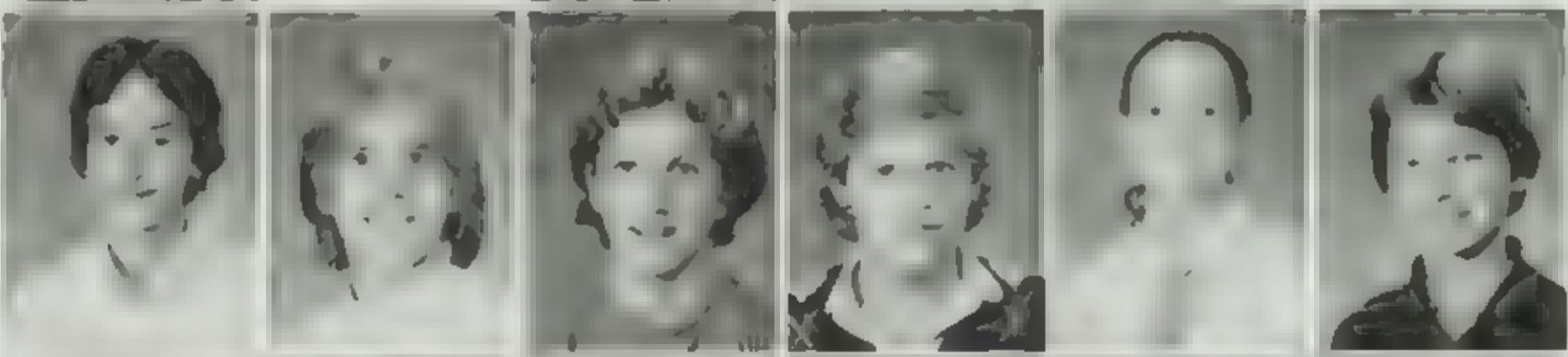
ADVANCED GROUP



Left to right
Tami Price
Tom Axeneder
Jill Goss
Gretchen Lohman
Heather Gardner



Left to right
Ken Alvin
Itzen Mora
Chris Weller
Karen Lohman
Natalie Norden
Mike Skrablic

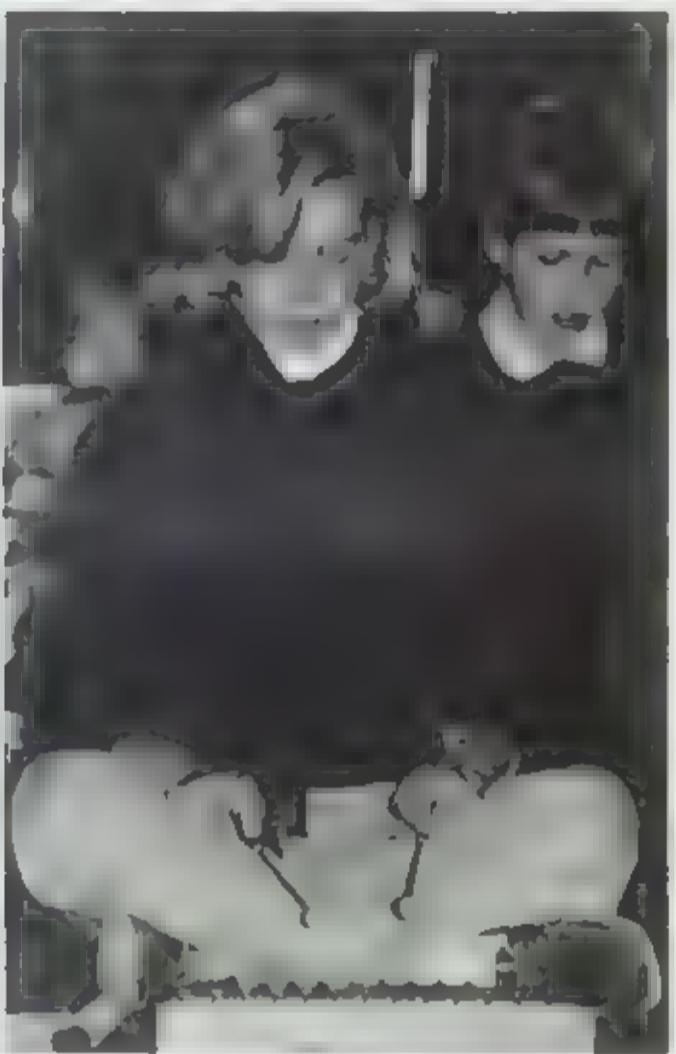


Left to right
Alma Horwitz
Lisa Fink
Megan Vassallo
Michael Rose
Kendall Jones
Peter Chong





Left, right
Carmen Johnson
Sarah Lee Thorne
Dawn Christian
Steve Kumar
Mike Melhus
Doug Freitas



Left, right
Carmen Johnson
Sarah Lee Thorne
Dawn Christian
Steve Kumar
Mike Melhus
Doug Freitas



Left, right
Lori Lippert
Mike Melhus
Eric St. Arde
Gina McCormick
Dawn Christian
Rich Phelps



Left, right
Andy Finsman
Lori Lippert
Jenna M. Tarter
Brooklyn
Eliana Zornes

Middle
Left, right
Dawn Christian
Sarah Lee Thorne
Dawn Christian
Steve Kumar
Mike Melhus
Doug Freitas

Top bottom
Tina Alvarado
Cara Alvarado
Ruthie Weeden



Left to right
Randy A.
Suzanne M.
Natalie N.
Lori L.
Matthew L.
Michael L.



Left to right
Dawn M.
Lori L.
Natalie N.
Lori L.
Matthew L.
Michael L.



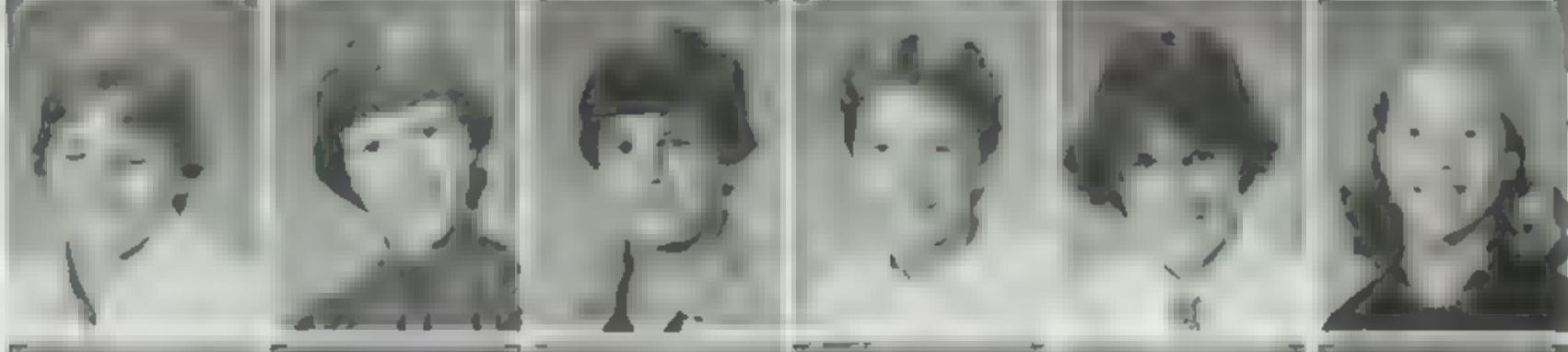
Left to right
Dawn M.
Lori L.
Natalie N.
Matthew L.
Michael L.
Jenny H.



Top Left: *B. c. m.*
Dinner: *W. m. b.*
Second: *S. m. m.*
Front: *T. m.*



Top Left: *B. c. m.*
Dinner: *W. m. b.*
Second: *S. m. m.*
Front: *T. m.*



Top Left: *B. c. m.*
Dinner: *W. m. b.*
Second: *S. m. m.*
Front: *T. m.*

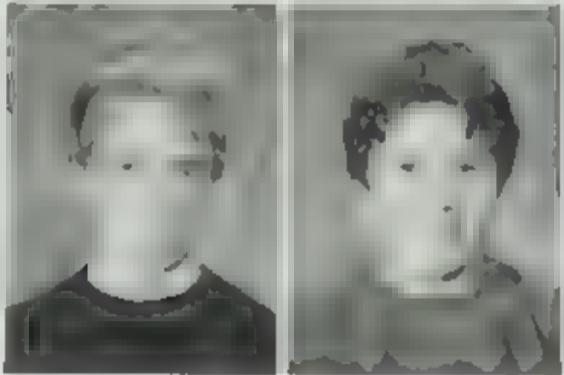


Top Left: *B. c. m.*
Dinner: *W. m. b.*
Second: *S. m. m.*
Front: *T. m.*

Left to right
Lark Mullan
Mark Price
Steve Reiter
Car Williams
Kendra Hause
John Tamm



Left to right
Dawn Baker
Tracy Hause
Troy Kuehne
Eric Pachke



Left to right
Maureen Kuehne
Troy Pachke



Left to right
Jesse Price
Jon Fehman
Carrie Williams
Alicia Vargas
Jordan Sorenson
Jordan Fehman



UPPER INTERMEDIATE



Humble Beginnings 1905

Fig. 100

100 years of education for you

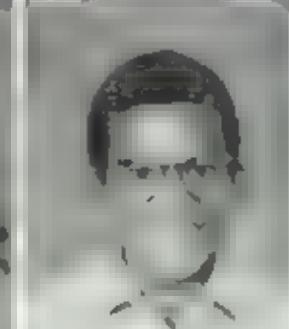
for Maumee Valley!
Happy One Hundred!



Left to right
Krista Palmer
Justin Smith
Elizabeth Hol
Salma Chaudhary
Alison Reed
Hadeel Abatzu



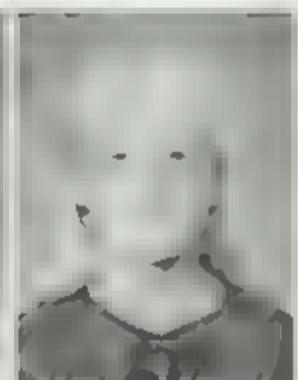
Left to right
Kristen Connolly
Fran Stoll
Elizabeth Hol
Salma Chaudhary
Alison Reed
Hadeel Abatzu



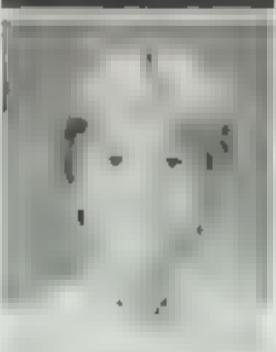
Left to right
Krista Palmer
Justin Smith
Elizabeth Hol
Salma Chaudhary
Alison Reed
Hadeel Abatzu

Top row:
Left to right:
Miriam Johnson
Dawn Giesler

Middle row:
Chris Quack
Sean McMahon
Diana Lindley



Left to right:
Romi Salaverdia
Preeti Shah
Carol Johnson
Aaron Baker
Aaron Blackstone
Kathleen Burtl



Left to right:
Pieter Salaverdia
Liz Sampson
Miriam Johnson
Steve Detjen
Jonathan Marco
Tina Mahigan



Left to right:
Jay Thomas
Cindy Martinez
Abigail Stevens
Tyree Smith
Lisa Ralston
Bruce Siders

LOWER INTERMEDIATE



Laura Johnson
Brenna Johnson
Matthew Lindquist
Jordan Miller



Laura Johnson
Brenna Johnson
Matthew Lindquist
Jordan Miller
Kaitlyn Morris
Liam Murphy
Liam Murphy



Laura Johnson
Brenna Johnson
Matthew Lindquist
Jordan Miller
Kaitlyn Morris
Liam Murphy
Liam Murphy



Laura Johnson
Brenna Johnson
Matthew Lindquist
Jordan Miller
Kaitlyn Morris
Liam Murphy
Liam Murphy

Left to right
Stephen LeBlanc
Amy Johnson
Kathy Lohr
Meredith
Cynthia Bryant
Matt Lassiter



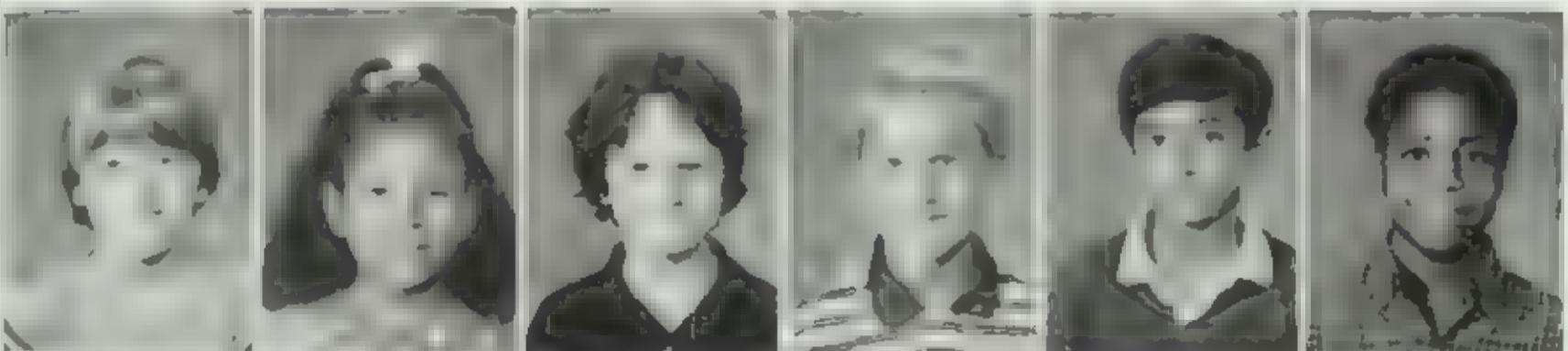
Top left to right
Nate Robertson
Jill Koenig
Linda Heymann
Alyssa Ybarra



Left to right
Trevor Della
Nate Lohr
Ingrid Lohr
Cynthia Bryant
Matt Lassiter



Left to right
Nate Lohr
Dawn Lohr
Mary Johnson
Kathy Lohr
Andy Shum
Bryce Brunner



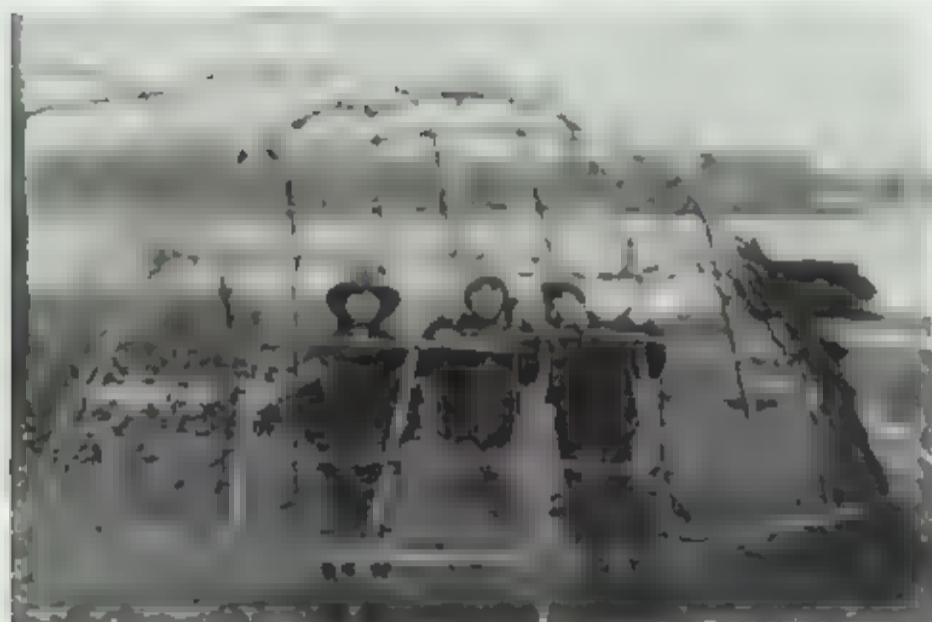
Lorraine H.
Lorraine K.
Marilyn H.
Marilyn M.
Cynthia D. Hansen
Alice F.
Marian Kammie

Elspeth E. Jamieson
Audrey Jeanne
Vivian M. Jones
Helen L. Koenig
Kathleen J. Lee
Marilyn
Marilyn K. Koenig
Vivian L. Koenig
Jessie L. Koenig



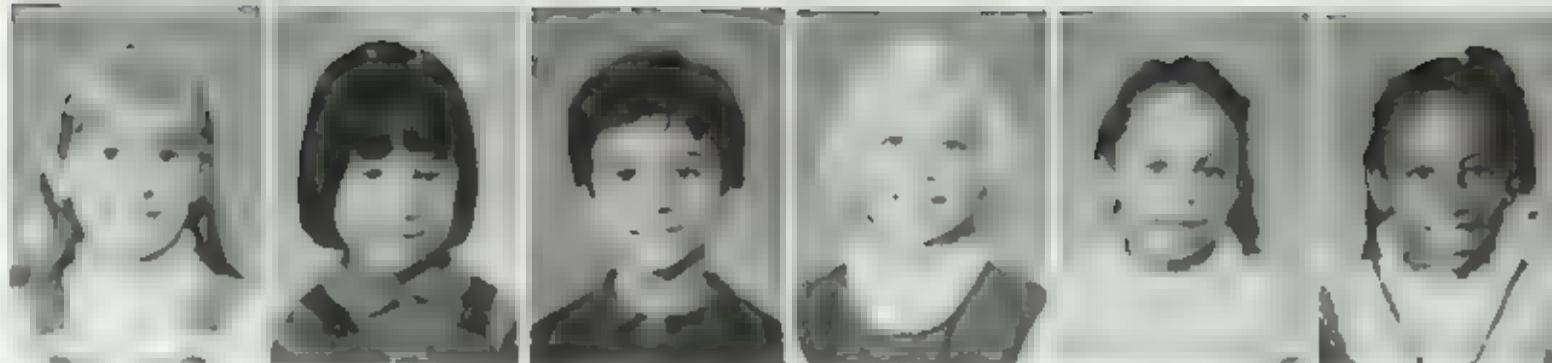
Lorraine H.
Lorraine K.
Ruthie K.
Marilyn Hansen
Audrey Jeanne
Helen Koenig
Alice W. Jamieson

Lorraine H.
Lorraine K.
Audrey Jeanne
Marilyn Hansen
Audrey Jeanne
Marilyn Koenig
Alice W. Jamieson

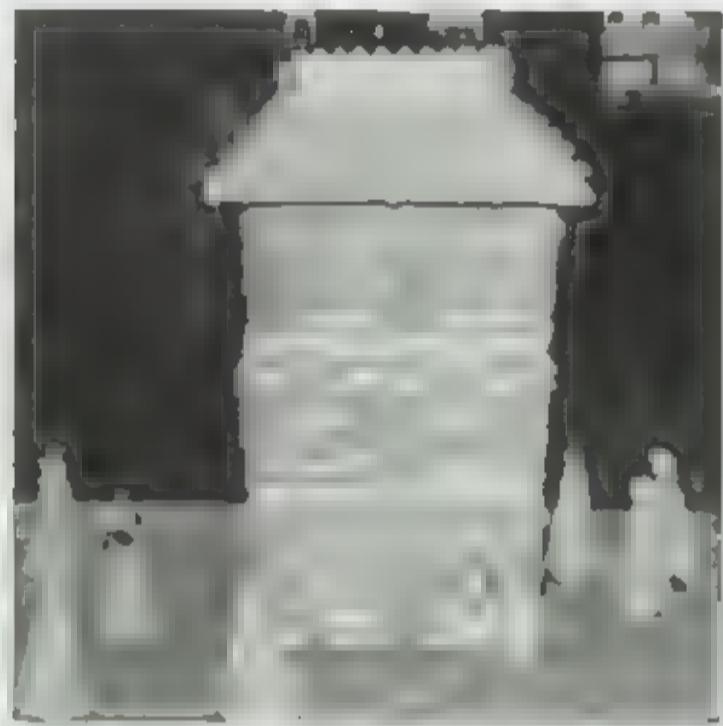
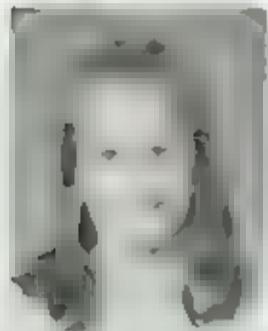


Left to right
Mike Waters
Emily R.
Maggie Sharmat
Natalie Brach
Katherine Bush
Danae Noll

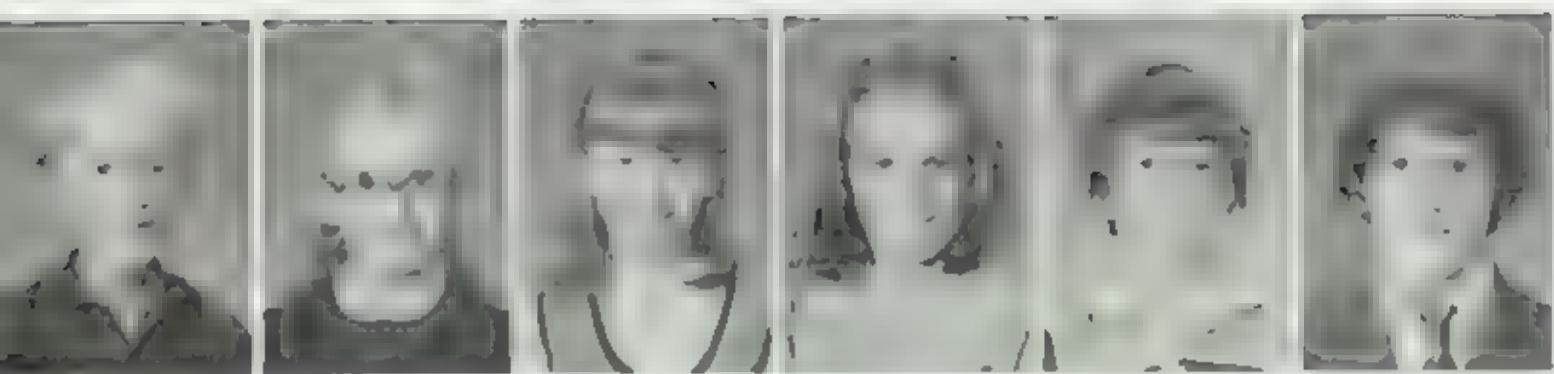
Top, bottom
Lori Kiser
Zack Monroe
Brock Johnson
Cassy Warner
Rebecca Klemensky
Lee Hixson



PRIMARY



Left to right
Abbie Paus
Natalie Brach
Brianna Klemensky
Emily R.
Lee Hixson
Audia Sharmat



Left - right
Front - back
Up - down
Left - right
Up - down
Front - back

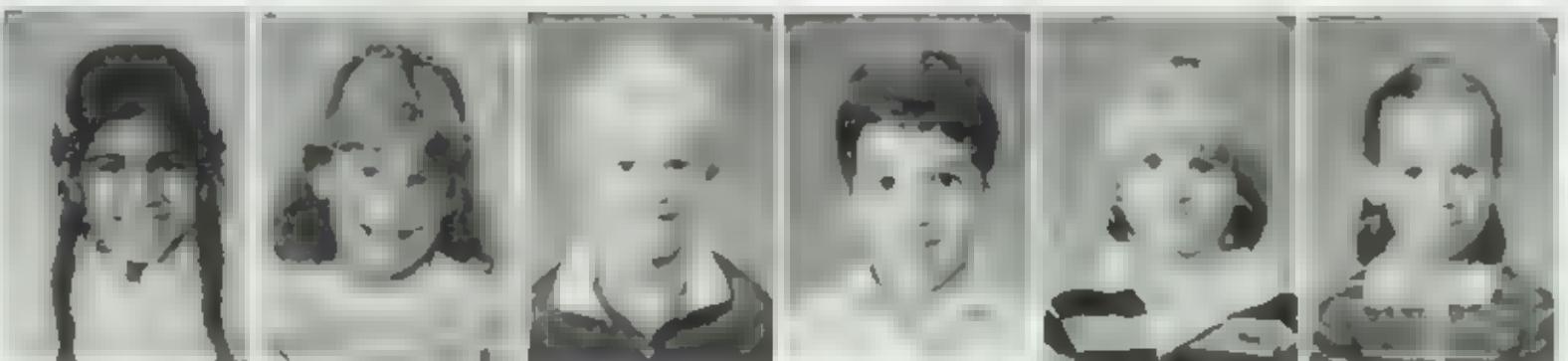


Left - right
Front - back
Up - down
Left - right
Up - down
Front - back

Left to right
Aaron Zeller
Liam Kell
Ben Zeller
Karen Shinn
Eric Horne
Adam Jones



Left to right
Aaron Zeller
Liam Kell
Ben Zeller
Eric Horne
Ginger Alpert
Celia Danner





Laura Eich
Anne von Hessen
Sonia Ahrens
Sally Weisert
Doris Kastor
Franziska von Hessen
Ruth Zernic

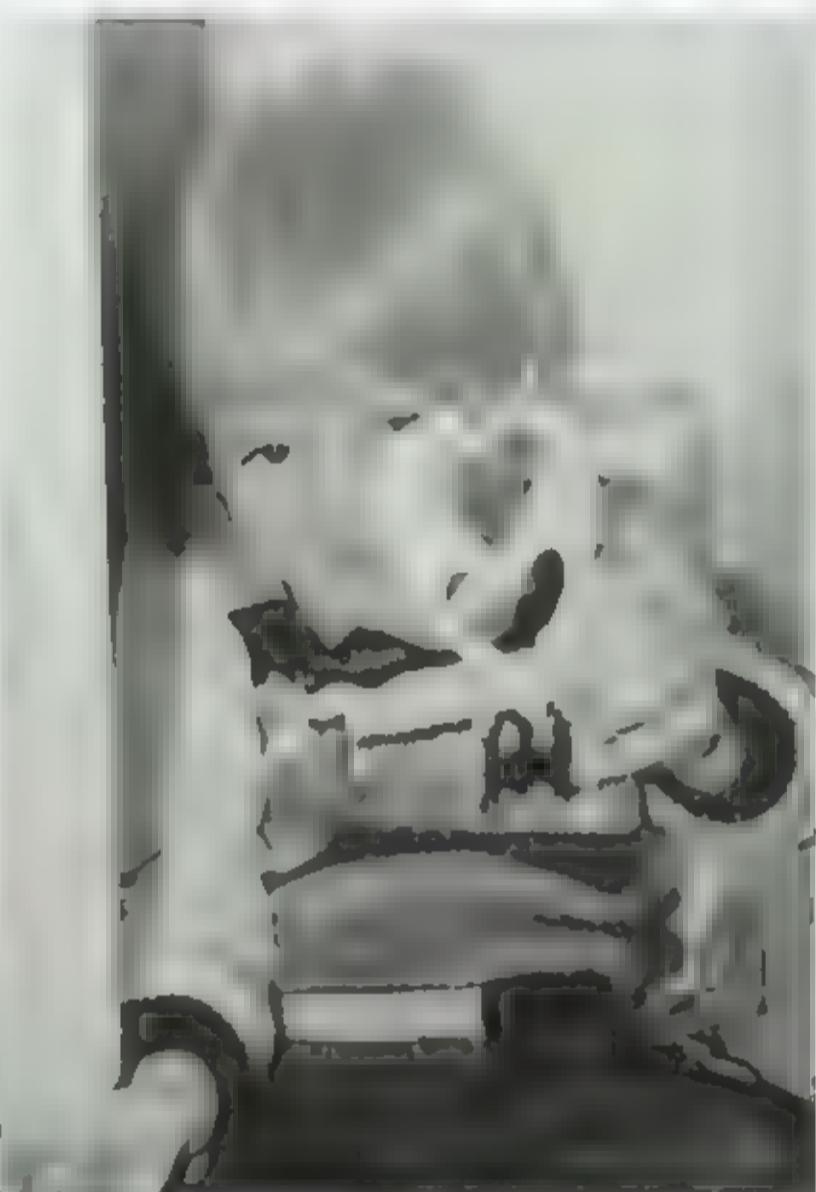


Laura Eich
Anne von Hessen
Sonia Ahrens
Gretchen Kastor
Mia Kastor
Constance Weisert
Alice Welt

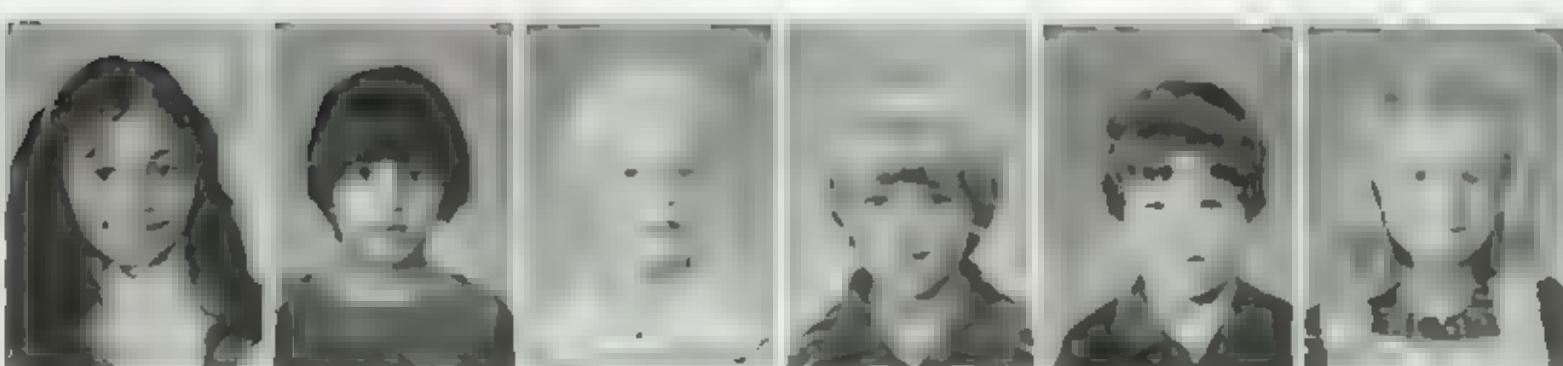
Top left row:
Cory Hause
Mark McMillen
Hans Schubert
Diane Healy
Bottom row:
Vivian Michaud



PRE



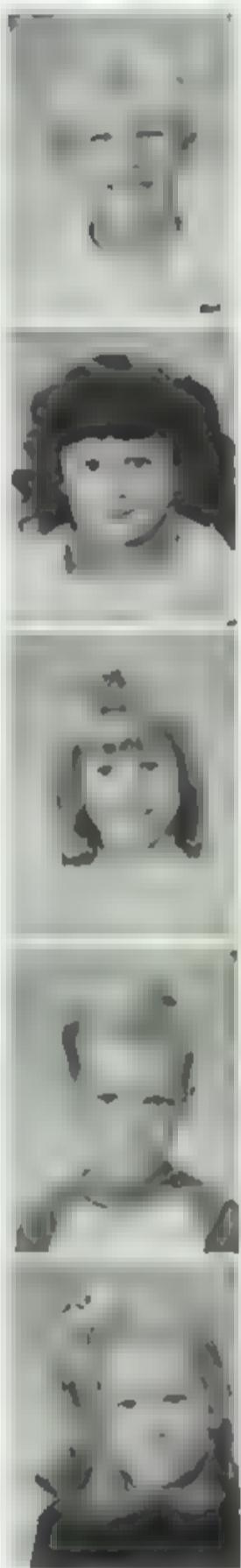
Bottom row:
Lorraine
Terry
Megan Smith
Tucker Black
Hannah Anne B
Eric Forn
Leanne Kellie



PRIMARY



Top row:
Ann Elizabeth
Ann Weston
Ann Clark
Lynn Brown
Matthew Evans



Bottom row:
Linda Roberts
Lynn Brown
Lynn Clark
Lynn Weston
Matthew Evans
James Swanson



MISSING
Lisa Hanna
Nathan Spulak

Top: Nathan
Lisa Hanna
Harry New
Kurt Weillens
Brett Lank



Left to right:
Megan Dunn
Rita
Linda Lee
Sharon McLean
Alineanne Wallace
Laura
Mandy Greenbaum



Melanie
Barbara Phillips
Kathy Koenig
Phoebe Stark



Left to bottom:
Ruthie Land
Alicia Karpman
Janice Johnson
Jennifer Yannan

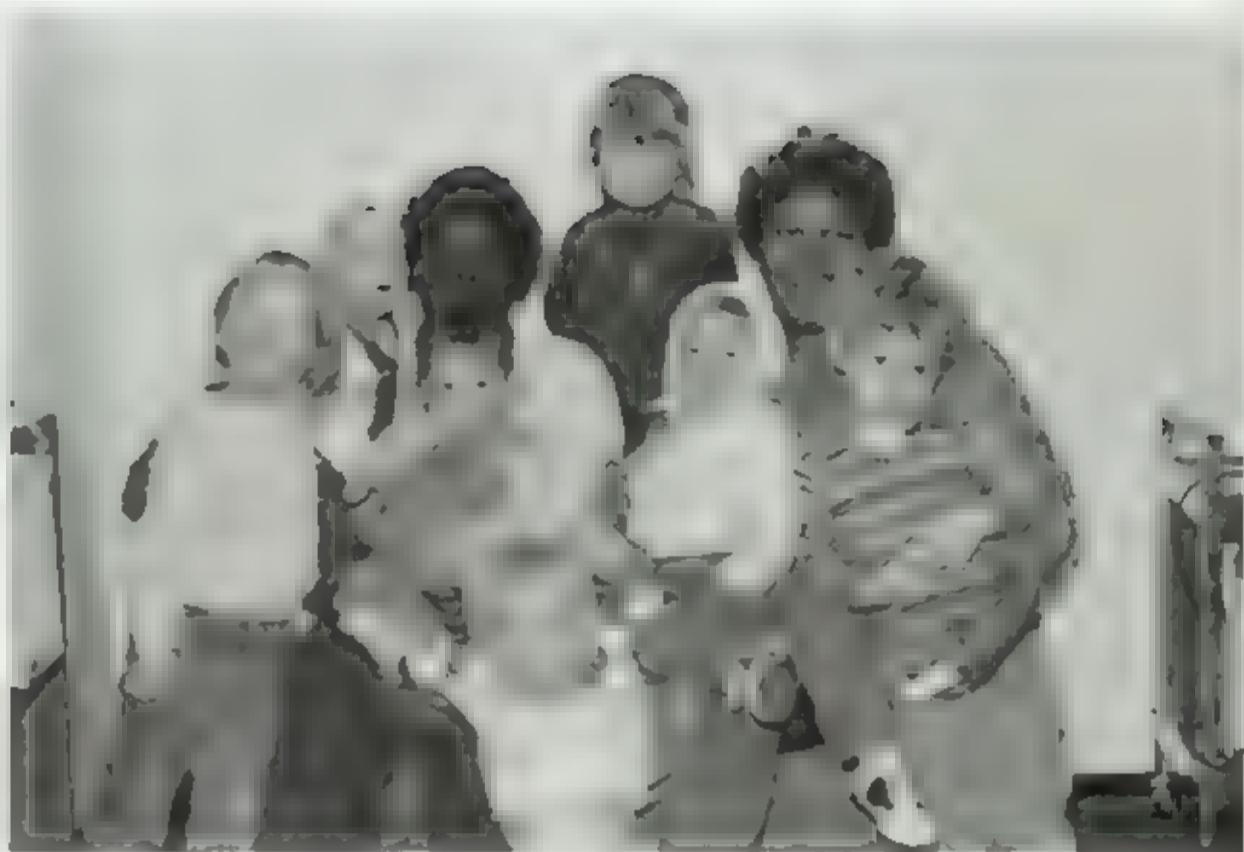


Left to right:
Leanne Zielinski
Kathryn Adler
Pete Brum
Becky Myers
Erik Rutherford
Kari Richardson





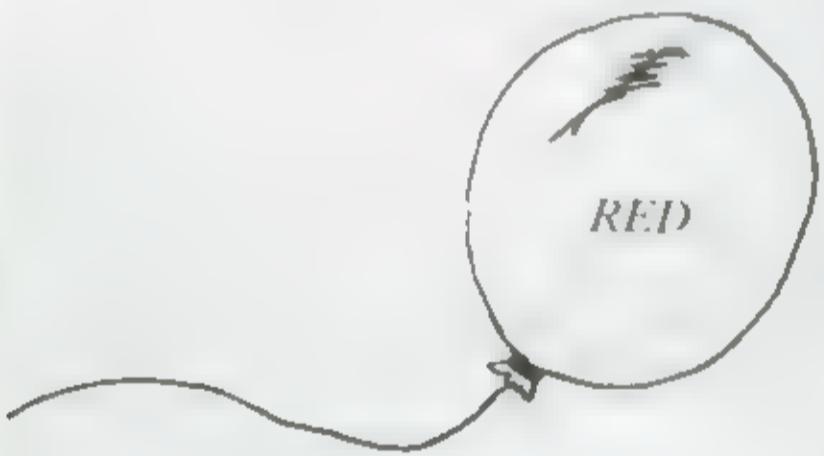
Meggy



down in front Adam Zane - ke middle row Caroline Roxy Kara Fish Matthew Lundholm Forrest Laskas back row Kacie Smith Tavern Johnson Mex in Fish Erma McGee Missing James High Abby & Caroline Dorfmeier Nahuel Jabarin Caryn Skinner



Zap



Beeb





Laney



Cookie Monster

Sweet Cheeks

Frost



Baby James





Sporting and Cavorting ...an Athletic Tale



In a magic kingdom far away, there was once a wonderful queen, who cared very much about the welfare and happiness of the people in her realm. The citizens were industrious, which made them, and their queen, quite happy, since people who are not industrious grow bored with life rather soon and are discontented. The people all worked at their jobs with enormous enthusiasm and dedication, and managed to build glass factories, banks, grain elevators and many other useful things. Some of them sold things to the others, like precious jewels, dry cleaning, shoes, clothing and video cassette recorders. All was well.

One day, however, the queen noticed that her subjects were dropping like flies. "Oh, no," she gasped in horror. "My beloved subjects are growing sick and dropping like flies. What shall I do?" She asked a person who had not yet succumbed what was the matter. "How do you feel?" she inquired.

"What? Oh, great, great...listen, I'd love to chat, but I've really got to run. I've got to make some sales calls before I go to the town council meeting, then tonight after my accounting class, my wife and I are planning to wallpaper the living room. But let's have lunch real soon. Got to runnnnn. arrqghhhhh. *clunk*" And, even as he spoke, yet another citizen fell to the ground and expired.

"Oh, dear," thought the queen, "This will never do. I know they are happy when they have plenty to do, but perhaps this one was too busy. I will make them relax more. Then they might live a bit longer." So she sent out a decree, proclaiming that work should only take place eight hours a day and the rest of the time should be given over to rest, sleep and eating.

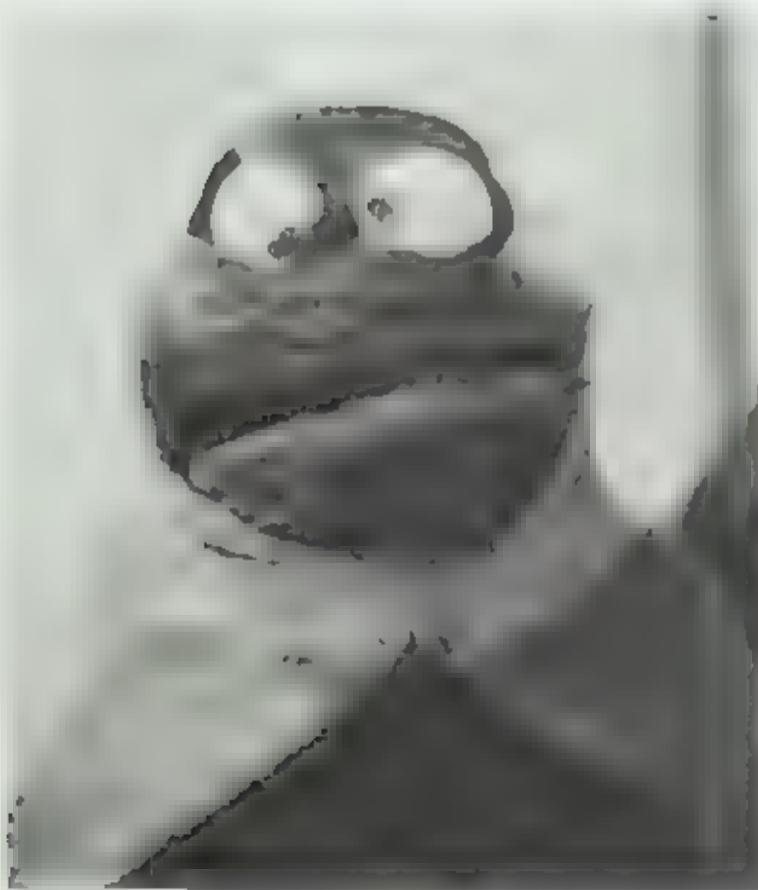
After she made the proclamation, she was called away to a convention, so the new way of life became firmly established in her absence. When she returned, she was horrified to discover that her subjects were still dropping like flies, only now when they hit the ground, they no longer went *clunk*, the sound they made was more like *whoooph*. This was because they were quite rotund, and all the fat padded them nicely so they made a more quiet noise as they expired.

'What is wrong?' she quirked one of the little round subjects. 'Hmmm? Oh, *yawn* nothing. We just don't seem to have any *sigh* energy anymore,' answered the chubby citizen. 'It's all I can do to work three or four hours a day, eat my supper and fall into bed at 8:30. I seem so tired that I just can't seem tooooo arghhh. *whoooph*'. The demise of yet another subject before her very eyes troubled her quite a bit.

The queen set about traveling through the kingdom to see if she might find someone who seemed to be in good health, and she found that often the little children were quite healthy. She observed them closely, and noticed that, in addition to working at growing up, eating wholesome food, and getting enough rest, they also spent a part of each day running, jumping and otherwise cavorting. These activities she called 'athletics' (because the word sounded so different from *clunk* and *whoooph*, both of which sounds distressed her so). She sent out another decree, stating that all citizens must spend a part of each day pursuing such activities as field hockey, soccer, baseball, softball, cross country and track, basketball, tennis and cheerleading. So that everyone could learn these activities, she proclaimed that they must be a part of everyone's education. So, on the following pages, you will see how well the citizens in one school perfected their athletic skills.









Cross Country: left to right, front row: John Mark Dunn, Barbara Weeks, Spring Thompson, Bob Hall, Royce Haddad, Pratik Multani, Mike Metzger. Back row: Ryan Recker, Bridgette May, Jamie Mugoni, Kent Kasse, Jessica Bushaw, Calvin Banks, John Fischer

TENNIS



Tennis: Jodi Romaker, Robyn Hill, Albert Getman (coach), Angela Anagnos, Kelly Light, Joyce Anagnos, Kim Veroneau

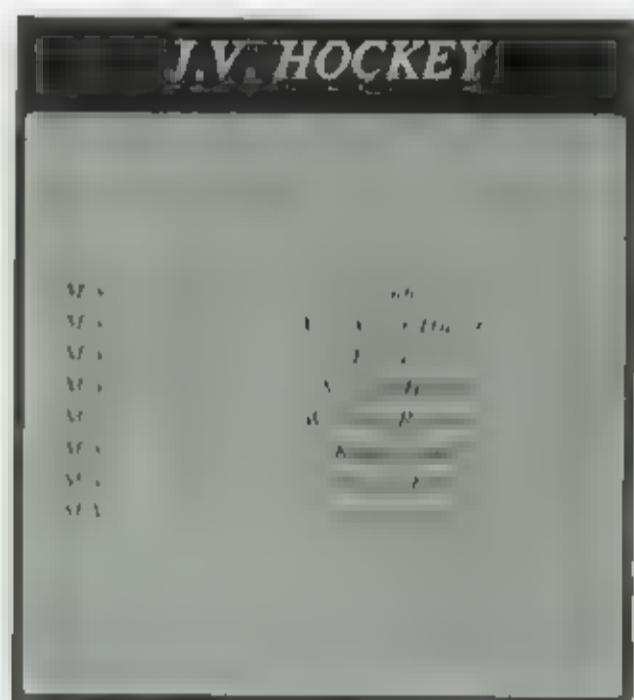
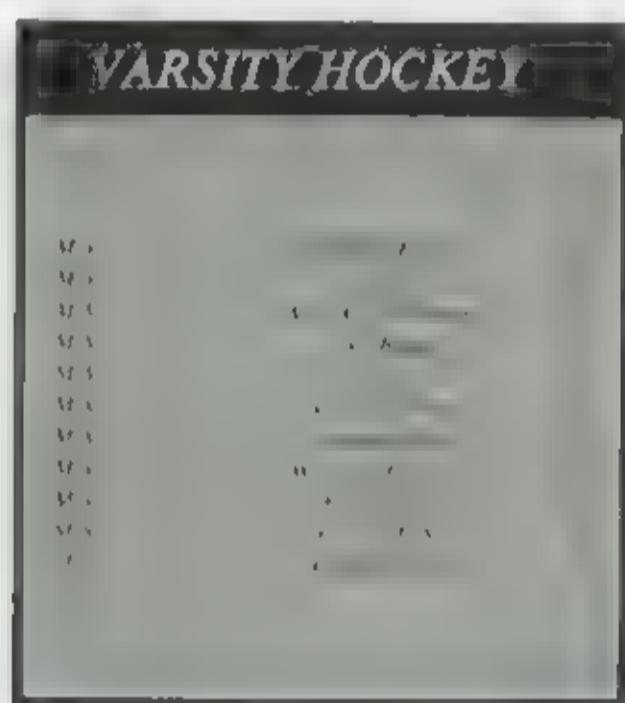




Varsity Field Hockey: left to right, standing, Laura Sowatsky, Sara Emerson, Paulene Peckinpaugh, Karen Horikawa (coach), Bittin Foster, Angela Thompson, Lydia Hankins, Lydia Baker Kneeling Leslie VanLee, Heather Knight, Judy Schwartz, Cameron Jones, Tracey Morrow, Sylvia Katzner



J.V. Field Hockey: left to right standing, Melissa Washburn (coach), Debbie Schwartz, Kelly Katzner, Lisa Ziems, Amy Nolso, Kara Hageage, Margaret Hill, Muge Celik Kneeling: Lindsay, Alex McPeek, Shawn Donaldson, Jennifer Williamson, Wendy Wyeth





Varsity Soccer: left to right, standing: Jeff Hoover, Luke Mandle, Saveed Jaweed, John Yakutoe, Alex Williamson, Kaushik Shah, Stephen Verner, George Hageage, Tim McNerney, Laszlo Koltay (coach). Kneeling: James Reed, Brian Rothman, Matt Bretz, Mark Chung, Shawn Schwaner, Bill Stewart, Erik Rhee

VARSITY SOCCER



J.V. Soccer: Left to right, standing Charles High (coach), Mark Knapp, Brad Coffin, Barry Bennett, Maritz McRae, Albert Lee, Mike Onsel, Robert Thompson, George Kyriakou
Kneeling, Drew Milhon, Brian Miller, Jonathan Godfrey, Tim McNerney, James Reed, Steve Smith, Adam Barcroft, James Patrick, Grant Nicholson





Varsity Basketball: Left to right, bottom row: Matt Bretz, Erik Rhee, Dwayne Badgett, George Hageage, Shawn Schwaner. Top row: Bill Drake (coach), John Yaksco, Calvin Banks, Jamey Katzner, Chris Cook

Pos.	Ht.	Player Name	Yr.
F	6'8"	Eric Rhee	Jr.
F	6'5"	Dwayne Badgett	Jr.
F	6'7"	George Hageage	Soph.
F	6'2"	Shawn Schwaner	Soph.
G	5'9"	Calvin Banks	Jr.
G	5'4"	Bill Drake	Capt.
G	5'7"	John Yaksco	Jr.
G	5'7"	Chris Cook	Jr.
G	5'7"	Jamey Katzner	Soph.
G	5'6"	Matt Bretz	Soph.
G	5'6"	Erik Rhee	Soph.
G	5'5"	George Hageage	Soph.
G	5'5"	Shawn Schwaner	Soph.
G	5'4"	Calvin Banks	Jr.
G	5'3"	Bill Drake	Capt.
G	5'3"	John Yaksco	Jr.
G	5'3"	Chris Cook	Jr.
G	5'3"	Jamey Katzner	Soph.
G	5'3"	Matt Bretz	Soph.

VARSITY CHEERLEADERS

Laura Sowatsky

Kim Veroneau

Lina James

Jennifer Williamson

Kim Williams

J.V. CHEERLEADERS

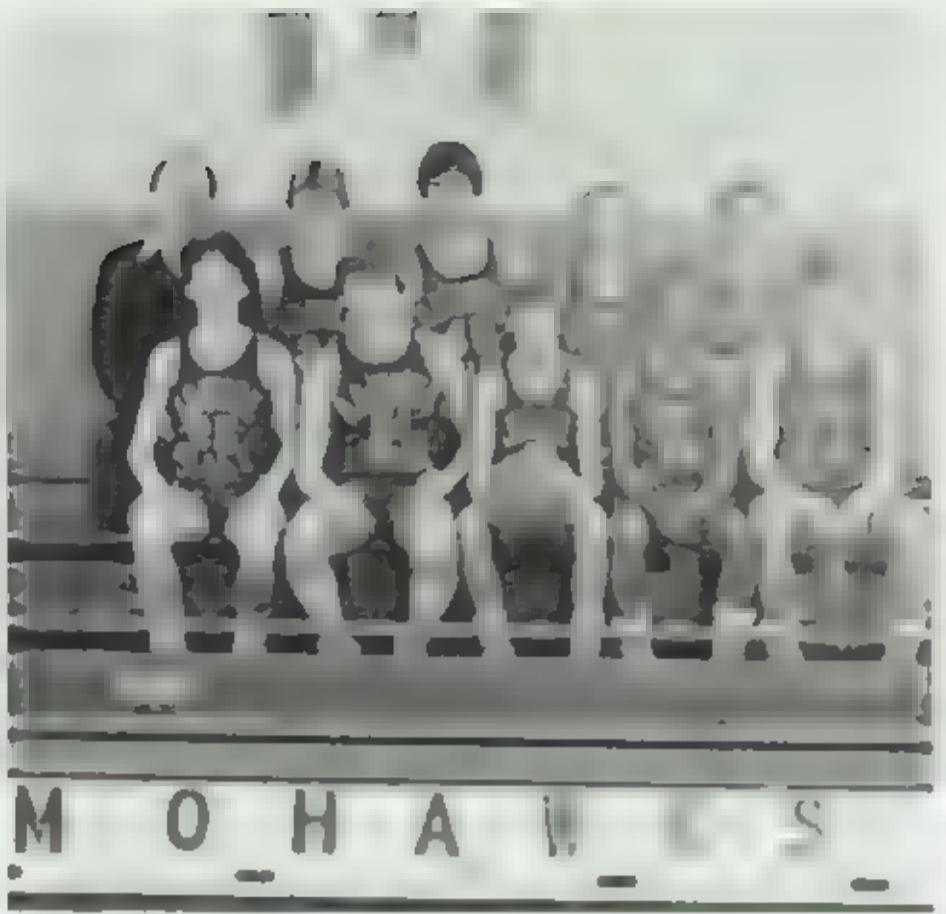
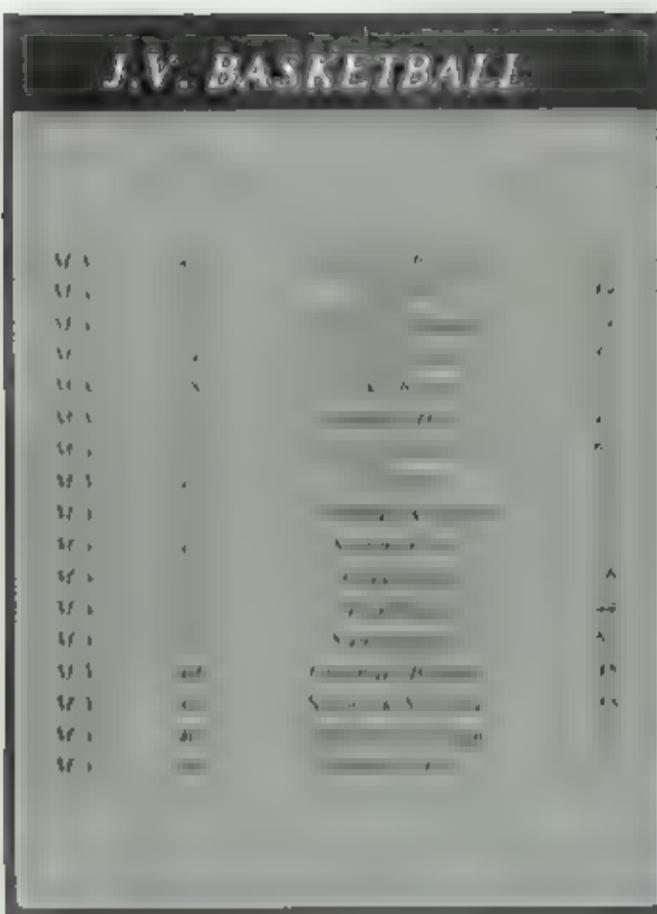
Renee Thomas

Debbie Payne

Kelly Katzner

Stacy Layson





J.V. Basketball: left to right, bottom row: Chris Munro, Brian Miller, Steve Smith, James Reed, Mark Chung. Top row: John Yakscoe (coach), Shawn Braughton, Kent Kasse, Jay Bircher, Adam Barcroft.





Baseball: Left to right, first row, Brian Miller, Brian Rothman, Erik Rhee, John Yakscoe, Matt Bretz; Second row: Dwayne Badgett, Grant Nicholson, George LeBoutillier, Barry Bennett, Sharon Broughton, Melissa Washburn (coach). Third row: Charles High, John Tapper, Shawn Schwaner, Adam Barcroft, Kaushik Shah, Luke Mandle



Softball: Left to right, first row, Joyce Anagnos, Cameron Jones, Shawn Donaldson, Second row: Leslie Van Hee, Katy Campbell, Andree Fine, Lydia Hankins, Kelly Light, Beth Wilson, Third row: Judy Schwartz, Laura Sowatsky, Jodi Romaker, Paulene Peckinpaugh, Angela Thompson, Fourth row, Angela Anagnos, Kim Veraneau, Tina James, Debbie Schwartz, Muge Celik





Boys Track: Left to right, first row: Mike Metzger, Andrew Welborne, Albert Lee, James Reed, Jamie Magoun, Mike Onsel. Second row: Sam McCov (coach), Bill Stewart, John Mark Dunn, Stephen Foster, Calvin Banks, Alex Williamson, James Patrick, Ryan Recker, Drew Milhon. Third row: Jonathon Godfrey, Bill Guthrie, Ron Euton (coach). Brad Resler



Girls Track: Left to right, first row: Lisa Ziems, Alex McPeck, Jennifer Williamson, Sara Emerson, Barbara Weeks. Second row: Bridgette May, Debbie Lewis, Lisa Kerscher, Kim Williams, Jessica Bashaw, Stacey Layson. Third Row: Sam McCov (coach), Molly Jones, Christina Clark, Betsy Esch, Laura Sowatsky, Tracey Morrow, Pam Clark, Angela Thompson



Tennis: Left to right, bottom row: Brad Coffin, Peter Detgen, Stephen Verner. Top row: Bill Morley, Tussi Bauerle





Middle School

Left to right: Noelle Nicholson, Stavra Xanthakos, Heather Nitschke, Michelle Rhee, Kathy Detgen, Liz Tapper, Charles Sprandel (coach), Suzy Bates, Gretchen Verner, Jessica Simmons, Laurie Julius, Tina Kyriakou, Julie Mandle, Heather Huebner, Emily Kiechel.

Eighth Grade Basketball



Front row: Eliab Erulkar, Andy Salverda, Darren Weisberg, Ken Weiss. Back row: Jonathan Ralston, Doug Creutz, Pat Day, Sharat Kumar, Jewel Woodard (coach)



Soccer: Front row: David Payne, Ken Weiss, Mike Foster, Qarie Hussain, Gretchen Verner, Bob Apostolakis. Kneeling: Mike Skeddle, J Davis, Imaad Jaweed, Daniel Stranahan, Jeff Assenmacher, Sharat Kumar, Peter Chung, Julie Mandle, Jim Assenmacher. Standing: Ron Cowie, Leland Jones, Darren Weisberg, Chris McArdle, Pat Day, Sameer Sharma, Kevin Philips, Doug Creutz, Brian Rhee, Eliab Erulkar



Sports



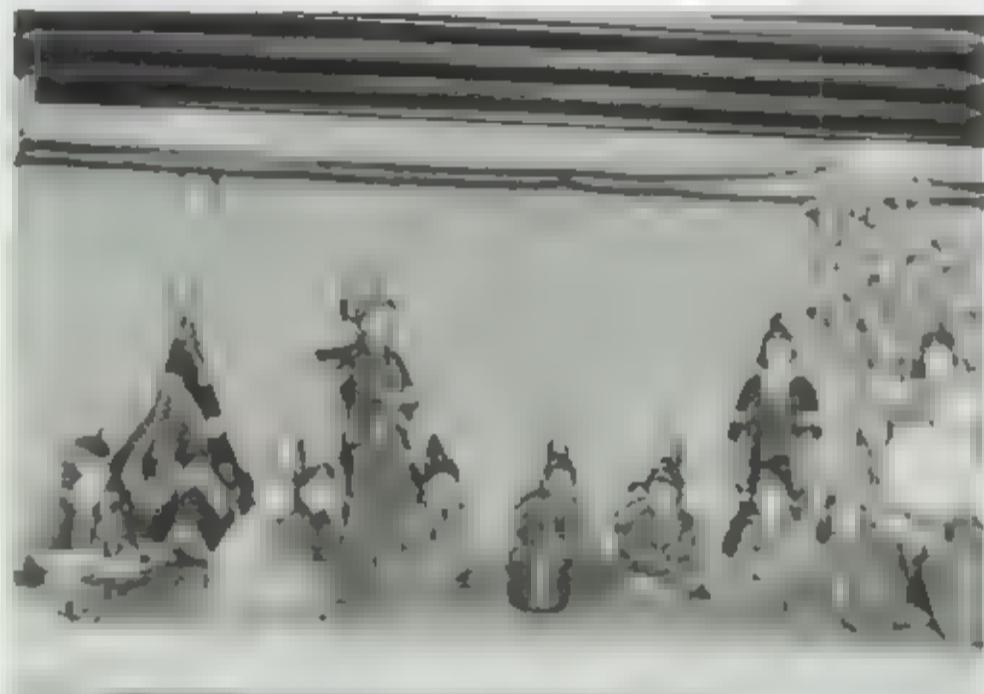
Front row: Rich Phelps, Andy Emerson, Brian Rhee, Sameer Sharma, James McClair. Back row: Al Getman (coach), Bob Apostolakis, Mike Sulayman, Jason Vinson, David Fine

Seventh Grade Basketball



Hockey Seating: Sima Kumar, Tiwen John, Nino Nigrovic, Holly Mandell, Kneeling: Eliza McArdle, Bev Bentley, Rita Akkari, Gretchen Lelland, Beth McNichols, Logan Jones, Mandy Baird, Brooke Cramer, Heba Nuri, Standing: Melissa Washburn (coach), Jenny Hanna, Liz Tapper, Heather Nutschke, Denise Ehl, Dmarva Nair, Emily Kacner, Noelle Nichols, Shaunda Hill, Heather Huebner, Kathy Detjen, Tina Kyriakou, Savra Vantmakos, Jane Bishop (mom). Back row: Helen Mahry, Suzy Bates, Laurie Julius, Michelle Rhee, Jessica Simmons, Elizabeth Rentz, Julie Ewell





Learning Life Skills ...a Tale of Activities



long time ago, there was a wonderful school where many vital things were taught in many different subjects. This school gave the world useful citizens with good ideas and original thoughts. There are many schools in the world.. so why were the students from this particular school so poised, confident and interesting?? It was because the students learned fascinating things, not just in school, but after school as well. All the pupils were encouraged to participate in special activities which made them more interesting and prepared for LIFE.

A particularly popular activity in this school was drama. In the study of drama, one is taught to 1) Speak Up During performances, this skill is employed to make it difficult for members of the audience to fall asleep. It is useful in life, too, as it allows people to keep the volume up and prevent husbands/wives/children/employees/employers/pets/in laws/plumbers/I R S. agents from falling asleep during monologues of explanation. One also learns from drama to 2) Move with Grace. This is valuable especially during weddings, particularly if one is the bride or groom. It is also a handy skill if one wishes appear polished. Big Persons are generally considered awkward and clumsy. Another skill learned from drama is to 3) Emote. This helps when one wishes to make impassioned pleas, particularly when one's back is against the wall. Although the students of this school never found themselves really needing to emote, since their superior education kept them out of difficult situations, they could have used this ability to emote during a)court appearances, b)traffic citations, c)job interviews and d)while applying for credit.

Another activity popular at this school was Winterim. This prepared the students for entrance in the workaday world, while conveying to the students that much was expected of them. Seldom did the students serve their Winterim as apprentice counter boys at McDonalds. Instead, they studied careers in Dog Sledding, Art, Typesetting, Oceanography, Meteorology, Architecture, and other varied endeavors. This pursuit gave the students an inkling of the widely divergent skills required to run the world.

There was a chess team at this school, which taught the art of concentration and silent thought, a real asset to people who wish to remain absorbed and motionless over long periods of time, as in doctor's waiting rooms and board meetings.

In the field of publication, the students could participate in the production of the yearbook, called *The Weathervane*, and the paper, *The Tomahawk*. These activities were highly useful in teaching the students how to meet deadlines. The study of panic management is imperative for a successful life, any business owner, mother of a two-year-old or owner of a large dog will attest to this fact.

There were other activities at this splendid school as well, and if the gentle reader will turn the page, he/she will enjoy reading about them all.





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Study Skills



Bahama Island Studies



Un Viaje



Working Out



Fiction into
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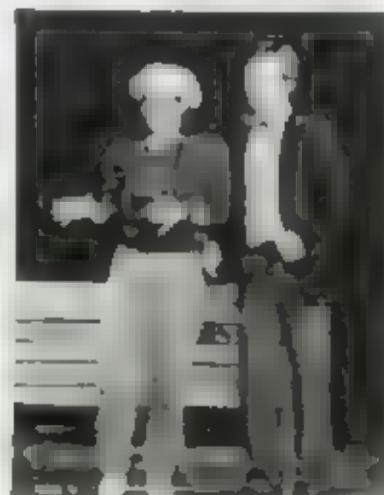
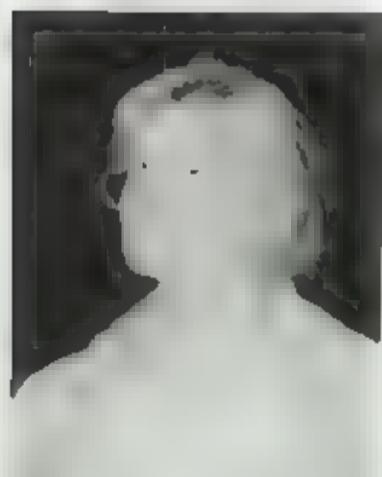
Writing About Literature

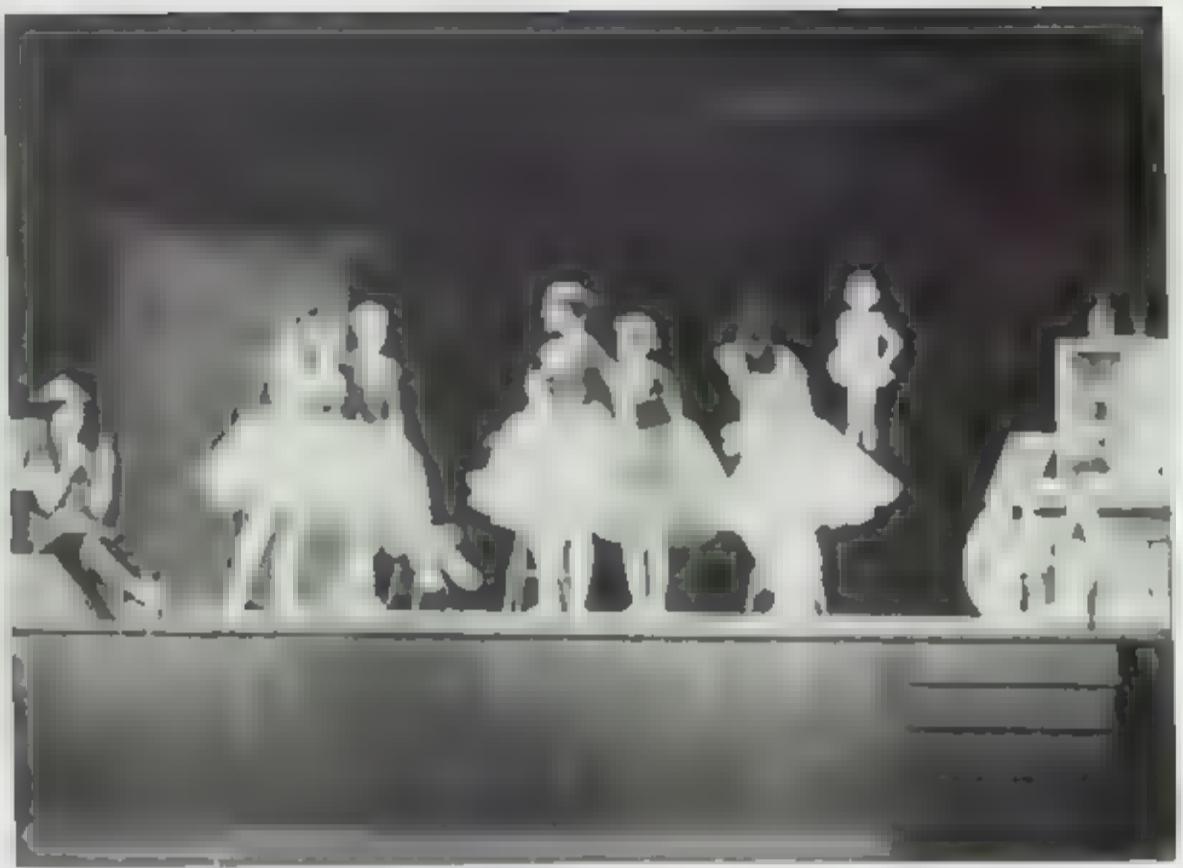


Cast and Crew of the Fall One Arts left to right: Barry Bennett, Billy Stewart, Pratik Muttam, Jeff Honner, Kaitlyn Campbell, Eddie Birnbaum, Jamie Katzen, Jenny Campbell, John Mar, Dalton Pam Clark, Liza Indley, John Fisher, Beth Wason, Sutton Foster, Tim McNeely, James Reed, Jennifer Williamson, Kaushik Shah, Liza Kerscher, Amy Stein, Eric Rhee, Gianna Avada and Becky Rainer

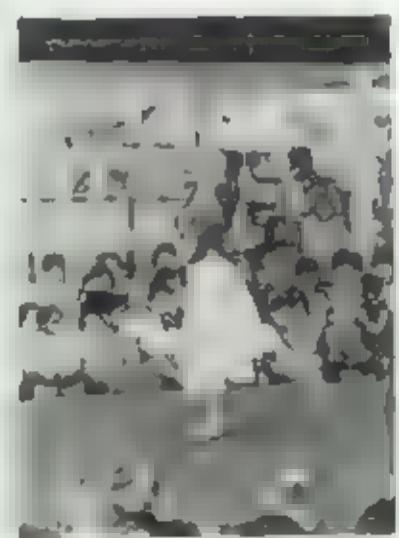


Cast of Ah Wilderness Left to right: Laura Sowatsky, Eddie Birnbaum, Mike Metzger, Jessica Bushaw, Jennifer Williamson, John Fisher, Brigitte May, Jamie Katzen, Becky Rainer, Pratik Muttam, Eric Rhee and Tim McNeely





Choir: left to right, back row: Jamie Katzner, Seksom Sutivapa, Kim Williams. Front row: Kelly Lonsley, Barbara Weeks, Pratik Mamtani, Becky Ransner, Aimee Pershing, John Fisher





Chess Club: left to right, Grant Nicholson, James Patrick, Kim Veroneau, Kanshuk Shah, Bob Hall and Advisor Ken Meinecke



Quiz Bowl: left to right, back row: Mark Knapp, Angela Anagnos, John Fisher, Seksom Suriyapa. Front row: Kim Veroneau, Pratik Multani, Stan Fischer (advisor)





Afro American Club: left to right, Duayne Badgett, Calvin Banks, Moses Hawkins, Robert Weatherly, Mauge Hill, Amy Nolfo, James Reed, Pam Clark, Katy Campbell, Albert Lee, John Tupper, Kim Williams, Chris Clark, Brad Resler, Stacy Layson, Tina James, Debbie Payne



Ronnie Sommey, Director of Student Control

Student Council: Left to right; Co-Presidents Bill Stewart and Erik Rhee, Becky Raisner, Jamie Katzner, Debbie Schwartz, Kim Williams, Kent Kuase, James Reed, Cameron Jones, Drew Mulholland





The Tomahawk



Left to right: Seksom Suriyapa, Heller Shoop, Laura Sowatsky, Judy Schwartz

TOMAHAWK STAFF

*Advisor..... Margaret Blackburn
Chief Editor..... Laura Sowatsky
Page Editors: Judy Schwartz
Seksom Suriyapa
Aimee Pershing
Copy Editor..... Heller Shoop
Graphics Luke Mandle*





Beth Wilson, who single handedly raised \$4000 to help produce the best Weathervane of the century!

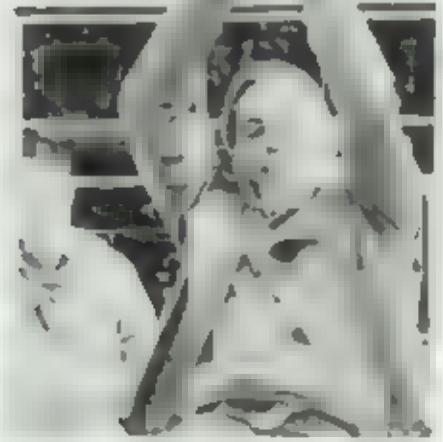
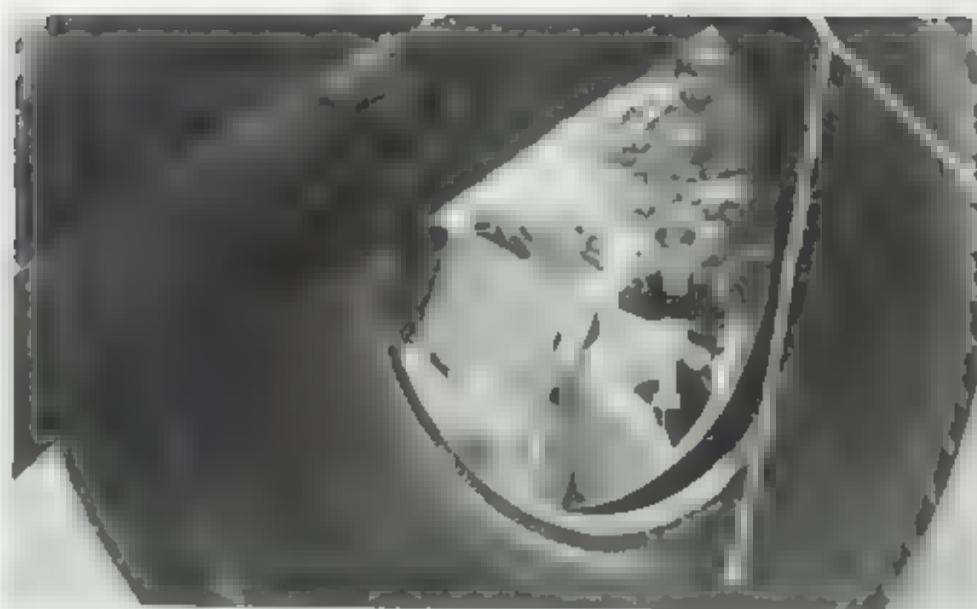
Special thanks to Bill, Sarah and Caroline for not feeling neglected and rejected while Mom contended with the YEAR BOOK, and to the Fairy Scribe



WEATHER VANE STAFF

Advisor.....	Becky Ross
Co Editors.....	Stephen Foster Amy Stein
Senior Editors.....	Matt Bretz Wendy Wyeth
Upper/Lower School Editors	Shawn Donaldson Cameron Jones
Sports Editor.....	Tracey Morron
Business Manager.....	Beth Wilson Steven Vernor
Photographers	Luke Mandl Tim McNerny Mike Metzger Gavin Smith Becky Ross
Cover	David Burkett
Thanks to.....	Beth Nicholson, Butin Foster, Heather Knight, Karen Horikawa, John Fisher, and Becky Raisner





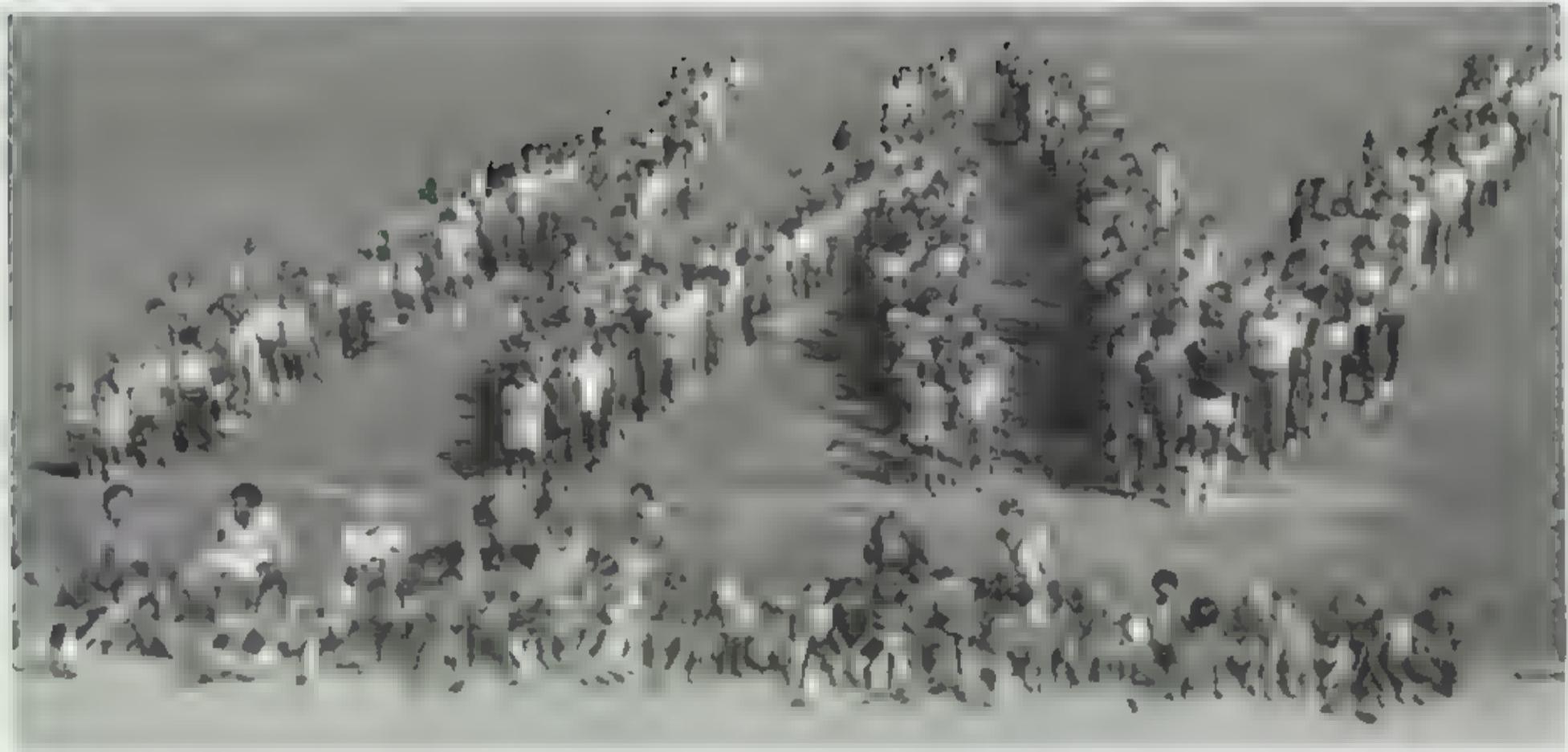


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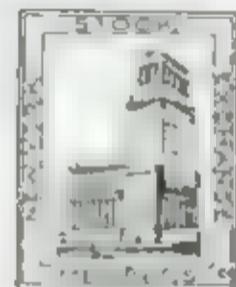
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A Practical Endeavor

...an Advertising Tale



nce upon a time, there was a small, but important school, full of interesting, handsome, memorable students and teachers. The students and a teacher or two thought that the small, but important, student body and faculty were so terribly interesting, handsome and memorable that perhaps a record should be made for future generations that all might see, in years to come, how splendid this school really was.

A variety of creative suggestions was made regarding the nature of the record to be produced. Someone thought perhaps the faculty and student body would be best preserved by casting them in bronze. This was an inventive suggestion, and certainly the record would be important and relatively permanent, but dreadfully costly. Also, the problem of where to place all of the heavy bronze statues seemed insurmountable. A large number of students objected to having their statues placed out of doors, as the elements would turn them green, not to mention the adverse effect pigeons might have upon them. And if placed indoors, of course, the statues would take up as much room as an entire school of living students, so that in a few short years, the school would be inhabited by inanimate students. Some faculty members said this probably would not differ much from the current situation, and that a wonderful degree of quiet would reign in the school, but because of the cost, this record-keeping idea was scrapped.

The next suggestion for preserving the student body and faculty for future generations was also impractical. It involved having everyone's faces carved into the sides of mountains, a la Mount Rushmore, but the cost of building the mountains was prohibitive, the school, you see, was situated in a locale so flat that the natives of the area were often forced to go skiing on expressway overpasses.

Then someone thought of producing a book.. after all, the school library was full of them, so you can see that even duller witted students would eventually think of this. The book would be filled with photographs of the handsome students and faculty, and have interesting words written in it that would describe the school and the students and the faculty. This seemed to be a wonderful idea. It would be practical, because it would be not too-costly, and many books could be printed so that everyone might have one. These could be passed around, so that meaningful messages could be written in them, like 'To a swell kid with a great personality. Good luck always (especially with the boys) Have a great life. Love ya' etc. Everyone agreed this was a grand idea, but still the cost per book would be too high — not as high as the cost per bronze statue or mountain, but still too high.

Then someone had a brilliant idea. If the school got someone else to pay for the most of the cost of the books, then the price per book would be low enough so that even the student who spent most of his money playing 'Joust' and buying Duran Duran records would have enough left over to buy one. But, fascinating as the handsome, memorable school, students and faculty were, no one could think of anyone who would be interested enough in the whole project to pay for the entire thing.

"Advertising! We will sell advertising!" someone suggested wisely. So, as you will see when you turn the page, that is exactly what the small, but interesting, school did.

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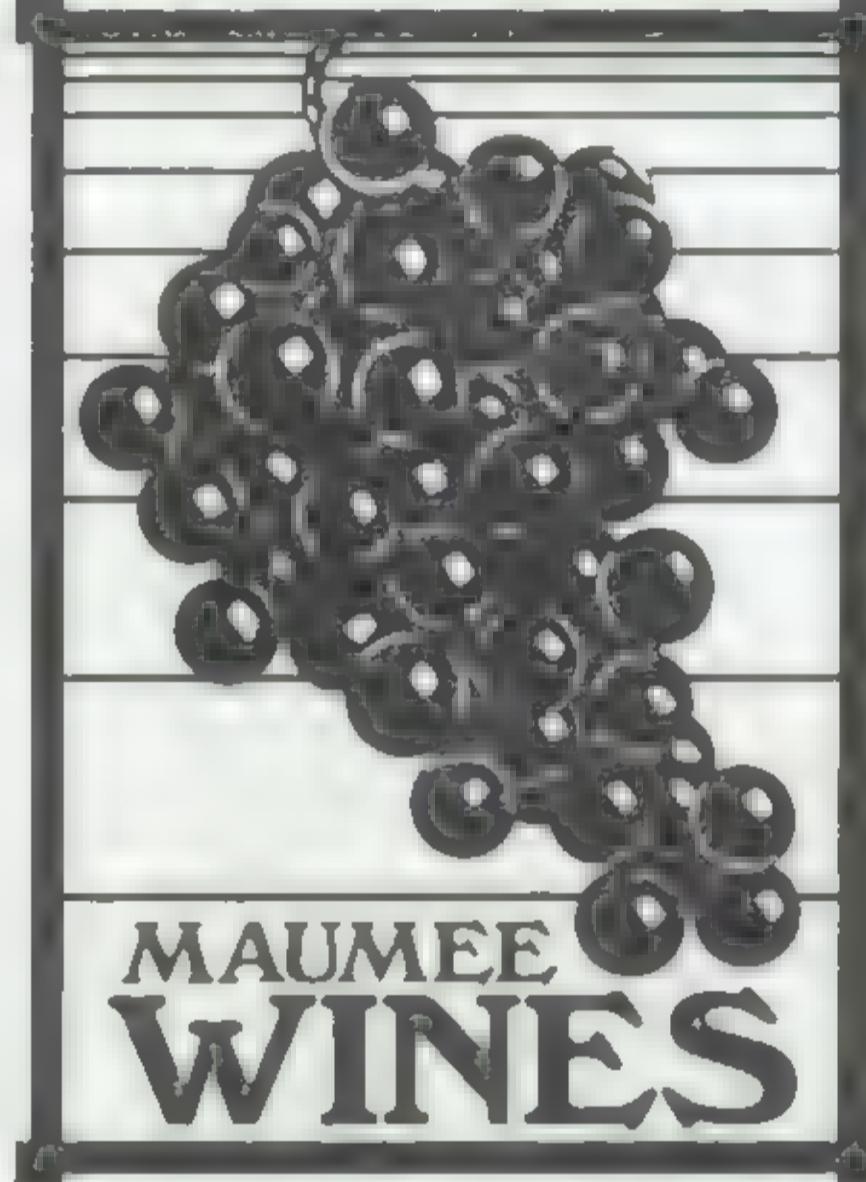
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Rules for teachers

There were strict rules about what duties a teacher had to fulfill. A teacher was expected to behave properly at all times. Here are some rules that teachers had to obey in the year 1882.

1. Teachers will fill the lamps and clean the chimney each day.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual tastes of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courtship purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.
5. After ten hours in school the teachers may spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in any other way will be dismissed. Every teacher will pay twelve dollars each day's pay a weekly uniform earnings. He will also use his own money during his vacation unless he finds he will incur a burden in so doing.
7. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor, tobacco, paints, or any article which may get shaved in a barber shop will lose good reasons for people to speak his worth intentions and honesty.
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Rules for students

Good students in early schools were expected to earn more than high marks. There were many rules to follow and chores to perform. The schoolmaster really was the "master" of his pupils. Children were told to obey the master of the school, even if obedience meant having to stand still while being strapped. Here are some rules for students:

1. Respect your schoolmaster. Obey him and accept his punishments.
2. Do not call your classmates names or fight with them. Love and help each other.
3. Never make noises or disturb your neighbors as they work.
4. Be silent during classes. Do not talk unless it is absolutely necessary.
5. Do not leave your seat without permission.
6. No more than one student at a time may go to the washroom.
7. At the end of the class, wash your hands and feet. Wash your feet if they are bare.
8. Bring firewood into the classroom for the stove whenever the teacher tells you to.
9. Go quietly in and out of the classroom.
10. If the master calls your name after class, straighten the benches and tables, sweep the room, dust, and leave everything tidy.

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OWED TO PETER

*(To the tune of She'll be comin' round the
mountain — what else!)*

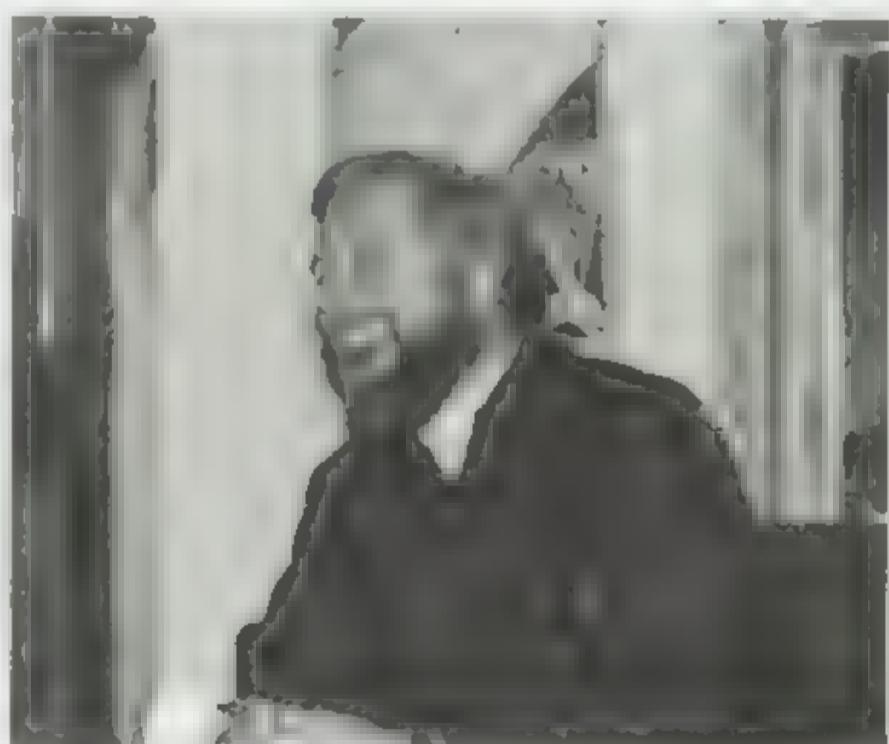
*Oh his name is Peter Stevens as we know;
He's the guy who loves ice, sleet and snow;
When the other schools were closing,
He was in bed dozing.
He's the man who kept us on the go.*

*Oh last Monday is the day we'll neer forget;
All the kids remind us of that yet.
When the snow flakes start a flying,
They all break out a crying
Has Mr. Stevens learned his lesson yet?*

*So the next time that the wind and snow do
blow,
You-oo all to your radios should go;
And then cross your toes and fingers,
And hope that memory lingers,
So that day at school we need not show.*

*Now ol' Peter is an honorable man;
Devoted to his job and that's no scam;
He always is a hopin'
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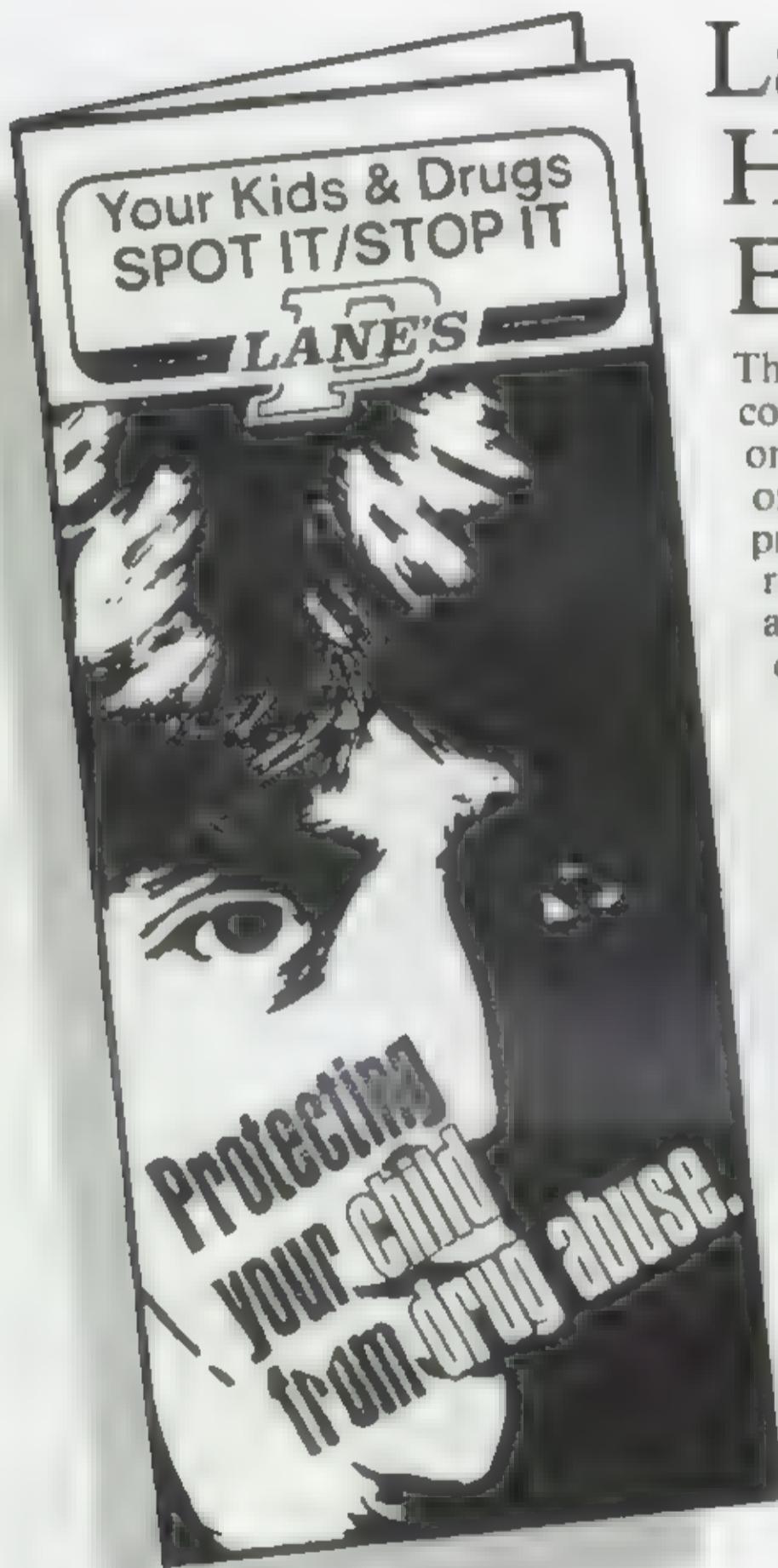
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